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Farm, Garden, and Household.

Planting Potatoes.

The potatoes the past year was a failure in quality on account of the great heat. Many tubers were so scorched that they became watery and rank; and some very near the surface or partially exposed, assumed the green color and unfit to feed even to stock, on account of the poisonous property engendered by the rays of the sun. The remedy is, plant deep, from six to seven inches. This for various reasons: It will permit very early planting—an advantage—securing thus the seed against the frost, or if reached by it, it will permit it gradually to draw out, which will save it; it will favor it in a drouth, and prevent the setting of tubers too near the surface, so that the sun cannot injure them; hilling can also be dispensed with, and only the cultivator used to make mellow and keep out the grass, with no danger of hurting the roots or the tubers.

By putting out early, with the first mellow soil, the potato will sprout and grow on, unimpeded in the ground instead of the cellar, and get the benefit of the Winter's moisture, which in an early drouth, is of importance. Particularly should the Early Rose be put out early. The experience here is, decided and unvarying, that you cannot get it out too early in case you have mellow ground for it. It will grow in the worst of weather, snow and frost excepted, and seems to delight in it, while at the same time other sorts are at a stand still, thus making this emphatically what it is an early potato. Plant close rather than wide apart, say 12 to 15 inches in the row, as this sort keeps its tubers close together, a nest of them, and easily gathered. They will then also be of a medium rather than a large size, which is favorable to quality; and by putting but one or two eyes in a hill, there will be few small potatoes. Thus a crop of Early Rose can be ripened very early, and of a superior quality and yield. But the ground must be dry or well drained; and as a guard against rot, there should be more sand than clay in the soil.

Late sorts should receive the same treatment as early. They will then, by being put out early, get the whole season's growth, and will ripen in time for dry gathering. A potato wants to be grown rather slowly, but continuously, and well ripened. It will then be sound and solid, fine-grained of better flavor; also more mellow. Rank growth will give a rank taste, and a watery condition a less concentration of substance.

Experience has demonstrated that it is better to manure in the hill than to apply broadcast. Better a poor soil, with some good fertilizer in the hill, than rich land; and the best fertilizers are ashes, guano, reduced bone, plaster, &c. Ashes are a special manure for this plant.

Will our farmers who are not in the secret of early planting, try it this year. Try it on a small scale if no other. Put out with very first mellow soil, if it is in March; but be sure and plant deep, never less than six, and better seven inches. When I say better seven I mean it particularly with the Early Rose. But do it with all sorts. Do not fear the frost with the seed so deep in the ground. Put a good quantity of unleached wood ashes and hen dung in the hill if the soil is not rich. The ashes and dung should be applied and covered at once, as soon as mixed, as else the strength by the union will escape, and that rapidly. Keep out the grass, keep the ground mellow. [Country Gentleman.

Croup.

This disease has two varieties; the true and membranous and the false or spasmodic croup. The tendency of the first form of the disease is toward death, if left to itself, while the second is scarcely a dangerous affection, although it causes great alarm because people fail to distinguish one form of the disease from the other.

Membranous croup is so slow and insidious in its development that it does not generally give rise to any serious apprehension, until it has progressed so far as to cause obstruction of the air passages, while false or spasmodic croup comes on without giving any warning—in the night oftener than otherwise. The former variety may be known by the obstructions in the throat being preceded by alteration of the voice, cough and feverishness, while in the latter form of the disease the symptoms are wanting. Many mothers congratulate themselves, because, as they suppose, they have saved their children from death through the application of snuff and oil, onions, etc., when actually, their children never had the true croup, and would have recovered just as soon with no treatment at all.

As to the cause of such diseases, if children were fed upon nothing but plain, nutritious food at regular intervals, and were so dressed (girls especially,) that the lower extremities would be as well protected as the rest of the body, we venture to say that such diseases as croup and diptheria would never be heard of as far as they are concerned.

In membranous croup as in diptheria, the true condition to be treated is severe congestion of the throat, which if not arrested, will produce disorganization of the blood in the part, and the formation of a suffocating membrane. As a natural consequence the extremities are cold and bloodless.

In both croup and diptheria the indications are to direct the blood from the throat and cause it to flow to the skin and extremities. To this end let the child be immersed in very warm water from its feet to its neck until it shall become thoroughly warm in the extremities and on the surface, and then put it to bed with cold applications to the throat. If necessary, repeat the warm bath. Although this treatment is simple, it is nevertheless mighty in its results.

Spasmodic croup is attended with little or no danger, still it causes great anxiety on the part of parents and friends, because of the difficulty of breathing which it occasions, verging on suffocation. Let the patient's feet be placed in warm water and hot applications be made to the throat. This will relieve any ordinary case in fifteen minutes. A light and spare diet for two or three days will prevent a recurrence of the disease.

Valuable Poultry.

A writer in the Poultry World says: "Blue Pile Game Fowls are either a cross of the Black Reds and Blue Games, or an offshoot of the Red Piles. The color of a pure-bred Blue Pile game cock is a deep chesnut red piled on a slaty blue-ground color; the head and back a deep rich chestnut red; hackle and saddle red, nicely stripped with blue; breast blue marbled, with chestnut; under parts blue; tail blue; coverts and sickle feathers either blue, red, or slate color. Their comb and face may be either bright red or gypsy-faced. Eyes very large and fearless, perfectly black or very dark brown; legs black or dark green. The color of the hen is mottled chestnut and blue, with a chestnut-colored breast.

This variety possesses the same beauty of form and carriage, and brilliancy of plumage, as the other varieties of Games; while for courage, activity, and power of endurance in the pit, they are unequalled."

In the same journal another correspondent says: "White Leghorns are the most profitable and most desirable of fowls; for they are good for the table, of medium size, are hardy and easily reared; they feather soon, they mature early, and commence to lay when quite young; and they lay more and larger eggs for their size and food they eat, than any other breed. Besides all this, they are very handsome. They are quick in their motions and easily startled,—yet they may be completely domesticated. I have a cock which will come to me every morning (as I go to feed him), for me to pat or stroke, after which he will straighten up and crow, as much as to say, 'Ain't I about right?' and then go off with the hens, perfectly satisfied."

CURE FOR HORSES PULLING AT HALTER. A year ago I had a four-year old horse which had contracted the habit of pulling back whenever she was fastened. She would be sure to break loose, if what held her could be broken by her drawing in such a backward way. She was cured of the habit by taking a rope two feet long, fastening one end around her body just back of her shoulders and passing the other end through the ring of the halter and tying to the post. She lay back for her usual pull for a few times when fixed in this way, but soon found she was drawing from her body instead of her head which she did not relish, and soon gave it up entirely. She can now be left anywhere with perfect safety, as nothing will induce her to pull back when fastened.

Mr. L. L. Lucas, of St. Albans, who raised ninety-eight bushels of the Lost Nation on four acres of land, offers a small quantity for sale at $2.10 delivered at the depots in Dexter, Pittsfield or Newport, Me.

It Pays to Keep Good Hens.

We have had occasion for two or three years past to occasionally call attention to the profit arising from keeping and breeding good hens, as illustrated by the experience of our townsman, Lowell Eastman, Esq., who seems to have reduced the breeding and feeding of hens to an exact science, and can tell to a fraction of a cent what is the necessary cost of keeping a flock of hens of any required number. Mr. Eastman keeps the Brown Leghorns only, and has abundant reason to speak well of them. During the past winter he kept 52 hens and two cocks, at a cost of about nine cents a month to a hen. He gives it as his experience that a hen will eat from a pound and a quarter to a pound and a half of corn a week. We give the following account of his hens for the months of January, February, and March:

Eggs laid in January	608
Eggs laid in February	680
Eggs laid in March	1,019
Total eggs in three months	2,307

Equal to 192 dozen and three eggs.

January, 50 doz. and 8 eggs at 35 cts.	$17.50
February, 56 doz. and 8 eggs at 35 cts.	19.86
March, 84 doz. and 11 eggs at 30 cts.	25.47
5 barrels hen manure at $1.50 a bbl.	7.50
Total income	$70.59
Cost of keeping for three months	$14.58
Net income for three months	$56.01

It will be seen that the eggs are rated at the market price only. When we take into account the fact that many of them are sold for the purpose of hatching, at $1 per dozen, it will be seen that the profit is still larger.

Since March he has reduced his flock to 33 hens and one cock, and is getting an average of 24 eggs daily. His flock of hens is worth visiting, to all interested in fowl raising, and persons ordering eggs of him may be sure of getting what they buy, as he keeps no other kind of hens than the Brown Leghorn. Who can show a more profitable record than the above? [Concord Statesman.

Raising Cabbages. Protection from the Worm.

In reply to an inquiry in a late paper about raising cabbages, I will tell the inquirer how we raised some 400 heads. We sowed the seed in hot-beds about the first of April, and by the time it was warm enough to set them, they had attained a goodly size; were in fact, as strong, thrifty plants as I ever saw. They were set out on a cloudy, lowery day. The next day we took fine salt, and put about a teaspoonful around each plant, not minding at all, if it fell on the plant. This served to kill all worms that might be in the soil. After the plants began to grow, stirred the ground as often as possible, keeping it loose and friable. As soon as those pests, the butterfly that lays an egg which forms the green worm, appeared, we got half a pound of saltpetre, one-fourth of a pound of copperas, and dissolved in a half hogshead of water. With this solution we watered the plants after each raid of the butterflies, which occurred three times during the summer, and by this means, saved our cabbages from the worms, not losing a plant,—and raised a hundred heads each, of the Early Jersey, Wakefield, Stone Mason, premium Flat Dutch and Early Wyman.

The dressing used was taken from the barn cellar, and was composed of all sorts mixed together, and on which five or six hogs had been kept all winter; hauled it on the ground, had it ploughed in and then harrowed until thoroughly pulverized. The ground was then made up in drills, far enough apart so they could have been cultivated between, and the plants set about a foot and a half to two feet apart in the drill.

IRONING SHIRT FRONTS. In a first class laundry starch is made in the usual manner; to a pail of starch a whole sperm candle is used. When the linen is dry, it is dipped in the cold starch and ironed in the ordinary way; then it is dampened with a wet cloth and the polishing iron pressed over it. This is an ordinary smoothing iron, ground off so that the edges are all grounding. To this last manipulation the linen is indebted for the peculiar laundry gloss which all admire so much, but which many housekeepers have vainly striven to leave upon the wristbands and bosoms of their husbands' shirts.

MOLASSES FOR CATTLE. Successful cattle-feeders in Europe give molasses constantly to fattening cattle and milch cows. A large German farmer gives a pint a day mixed with oilcake to his cows, largely increasing their milk. We know one very successful American farmer who gives his cows molasses in their feed with very good results.

It is said that New England farmers can realize a great profit from the manufacture of maple sugar and syrup than in any other way. And yet the maple groves and forests are rapidly decreasing, and it is predicted that at the present rate of decrease a half century will witness their almost utter annihilation.

The milk that will make two pound of butter will make two pounds of cheese; and the butter is worth twice as much per pound as the cheese. Then the buttermilk is worth twice as much for feeding hogs or calves as the whey, leaving a small balance in favor of making butter.

Clean Hands.

The world moves. It is not so respectable as it was a few years ago to be a rascal. People are learning the lesson that clean hands are desirable, both for personal comfort and pleasant social intercourse. They really seem to be learning that purity pays, and that personal honor and incorruptibleness are a good investment. Rogues and rings are having a tough time of it, and it is their own fault if the young and ambitious men who are now coming upon the stage of action do not learn to place so high a price upon themselves that neither wealth nor power can buy them. The rascalities of the New York Ring are all exposed, and the members of that Ring have either run away, or are staggering before public opinion and the law, disgraced and degraded men. Bribery in Congress stands exposed and rebuked, while names that were pure have received a tarnish that can never be polished away. Men who have held their heads high in the nation, bow those heads in shame over hands which are soiled beyond cleansing. We call no names, but, scattered up and down the land, great reputations lie in ruins. Men who had wealth which they stole, and men who had positions which they bought, and men who used their public office to push their private schemes, are thrown high and dry out of influence, and lie all exposed upon the rocks of disgrace, where they are sure to rot or go to pieces.

If the young politicians of the country will learn the lesson that the facts which we have recounted are so well calculated to teach, better times for the country lie in the future. Personal advantage is a mean motive to appeal to, where so vital a question as personal purity is concerned, but, as there is no danger to morals from any other appeal, it is well to meet temptation on its own ground and fight it with its own weapons. The lesson of the recent exposure is really needed by none but those who fancy that they can compass their ends best by base means; and if these shall learn from it that, in the long run, nothing pays so well in wealth and power and safety and comfort as virtue, they will learn that which will be of incalculable benefit to them and to the country. No money was ever won by treachery to trust that did not harm the winner. No power was ever achieved by bribery or retained by falsehood that did not scorch the palm of him who held it. The consciousness of ill-desert, the loss of self-respect, the fear of exposure and the self-commitment to a life of deception, which go always with possessions unworthily won, are poison in the blood, and exposure, sooner or later, is as sure to come as death. [Dr. F. G. Holland; Scribner's for April.

What the Winds Say.

Listen, Alice, my darling!
Here by the fireside bright—
Do you know what the winds are saying,
Abroad in the gusty night?
Moaning under the windows,
Like the voice of a child that grieves,
Making the maples shiver
And creek at the cottage eaves!

Listen, Alice, my darling!
The winds are singing a song
Of the Spring that is softly stealing
From sunnier lands along;
The snow-drops smile as they hear it—
A smile for the Spring's sweet sake;
And the shy little violets whisper
"We hear—we are broad awake."

No matter, Alice, my darling!
Though the March winds drearily blow,
I am sure that the daisies are stirring
Down under the sheltering snow,
In spite of the blustering weather,
The crocus is budding again;
And the daffodils whisper together,
And wait for the April rain.

How the Mortgage was Redeemed.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

There were a grave looking group that gathered in Dean Lindsay's best room that lovely June morning. First there was Dean Lindsay himself, always a prominent figure anywhere, from his tall muscular form, bold, resolute face. At his right, their elbows leaned on the table, whereon lay writing materials with sundry folded and crossed papers, sat two men, one of them idly toying with a pen which he held in his hand. He was a slight, dark-skinned man, with short, bushy hair and whiskers—the latter of the mutton-chop style—and both of the color denominated as pepper and salt. He had a bright alert face, and clear, bluish gray eyes, and his name was Mark Seldon, and his calling, attorney at law.

The man at his side offered the strongest possible contrast. He was tall and loosely built, with a slight stoop in his heavy shoulders. He had a florid complexion, with small sleepy-looking pale-blue eyes, a beardless face, and long, lank, sandy hair, pushed behind his ears, said ears being modeled on a generous plan, as regarded size, and if I use the expression, placed in the most favorable possible light to show advantageously. And as he carried his head a little down, they gave him the appearance of listening covertly, without seeming interested. This man's name was Wilson—Amos Wilson, and though you might not think it from his dress or general appearance, a rich man. I mean of course, rich for his locality. He might not have been rich for New York, but for Dalton, a small western township, he was a perfect Cræsus.

Besides those, there was a small colony of young Lindsays, in assorted sizes, the largest of whom, pretty Della Lindsay, stood behind her mother's chair, her arm thrown over her shoulder in a pretty protecting way. Mrs. Lindsay had been an invalid since Harry's birth, four years, and Della was practically at the head of the household. It was moreover no light thing to be at the head of the household. There was besides herself, seven children, which with her father and mother and Paul Leicester, who had been with her father for the summer, just eleven in the family. Added to this was the care of a dozen cows, and added to the fact, that the state of their finances would not admit of their keeping a servant. And this question of finances brings me to the real subject of my story.

"You'll excuse me, Wilson, for being a little down-hearted about this thing," Mr. Lindsay said, with a faint, deprecating smile. "It seems like signing away my heart's blood to give a stranger a claim on the old homestead!"

A slow red burned itself through Amos Wilson's cheek. "I wish you wouldn't speak of me as a stranger," he said hastily, with an involuntary glance at Della, which no one but Paul Leicester saw.

"I meant any one but a relative, Mr. Wilson," replied Lindsay soberly. "You know I had hope of help from my cousin in New Orleans. I mentioned it to you."

Mr. Wilson listened and nodded thoughtfully.

"Well the fact that I have applied to you shows that hope has failed me, and so we'll say nothing more about it. Perhaps you had better write the deed now, Mr. Seldon."

Mr. Seldon bowed pleasantly, dipped his pen in the ink, and for a while the faint scratch of the pen on the paper, and the loud ticking of the kitchen clock, were the only sounds in the house.

Mr. Lindsay leaned his face on his hand and looked steadily on the floor, the slight twitching of the muscles about the mouth being the only sign of emotion one could discover. Mrs. Lindsay, white and still as a statue, her face a little drooping, sat a few feet at the left of her husband, while Della retained her old position by her mother's chair, a troubled shadow in her soft brown eyes, and over the sweet young face. Harry, awed and perplexed, hid his face in the folds of her dress, while in a group at the open window were gathered the rest of the children.

How unnaturally still it was. How in contrast to the freshness and brightness of the sky and air! Looking from the open windows one saw long reaches of softly undulating prairie bathed in golden light, while away to the right, a blue, sparkling river, sentineled with cottonwoods and sycamores, and overhung with pale, translucent mists, flashed and rippled between its velvety banks.

No wonder Dean Lindsay shrank from the thought of his fair heritage being compromised; but there was no help for it, and he had got to make up his mind to think of it as no longer really his, but subject to Amos Wilson's authority. He could hardly keep from groaning aloud as he ran over in his mind the half score or more of fine farms which belonged to Wilson, all of which had first been mortgaged to him, as his was being now, to raise the necessary money to keep them from being given up altogether. And then, one after another, they had been given up, and Amos Wilson was the possessor. Would his go in the same way? Would there be a few years of struggle with ill luck—blight, and drouth, and mildew—and then his wife and children be homeless? He started with a nervous shudder and glanced up. Amos Wilson was leaning a little forward, looking steadily at Della with a strange fire lighting his sleepy eyes.

"The deed is ready for your signature, Mr. Lindsay," Seldon said briskly, "yours and Mrs. Lindsay's."

His voice broke the weird spell which had seemed to hold them, and Paul Leicester got up from his seat by the kitchen table while the deed was signed, and the money, seven hundred dollars—counted and given to Mr. Lindsay, who in turn handed over the mortgage of the homestead to Mr. Wilson. Then he turned abruptly and went out. Mr. Seldon looked after him with his quick, bright eyes, but no one else appeared to notice it as being anything unusual that a hired man should intrude his presence upon such an occasion.

And now that business is over, I will take the opportunity of saying a word about this same Paul Leicester.

First he was a stranger in Dalton; that is, he had been there but little over two months, having come early in April. He had seemed so anxious for employment, and offered to work so cheaply, withal, and upon such easy terms—not asking for payment until Christmas—that Mr. Lindsay had thought it best to take him. He could not work the large farm alone and was specially anxious to do a good deal this season, to try to recover himself.

Mr. Leicester was not very much used to farm work, it was quite evident, but he was so ready to learn, and so quiet and persistent about everything he undertook, that Mr. Lindsay was delighted with his bargain. He was extremely reticent at first, but by degrees he had grown more free, and once or twice surprised them with such a genial flow of wit and spirits that Mr. Lindsay had declared himself unable to see what sent him there, a man of his abilities.

And now a word in regard to Mr. Lindsay's embarrassments. For three consecutive seasons the harvests had been extremely light in this section, scarcely paying for the outlaying of money and labor, to say nothing of profit. Then the expense of living was considerable, for ten persons require no small amount of food, to make no mention of garments that will wax old. Added to this was a long and severe illness, lasting all winter, and running him behind to such an extent that he saw no other way to go on with his work than to hire money. This it was next to impossible to do, and after some pretty severe struggles with his pride, he so far overcame it as to write to Julian Richardson, a second cousin, living in New Orleans, and reputed very wealthy. He had never seen him, but had heard that he was unmarried, and somewhat eccentric. And so in this strait, he ventured to appeal to him. He wrote the first letter in February, but it was unanswered. After waiting in a state of nervous anxiety and suspense two or three weeks, he wrote again. This time his letter was returned, after being opened, but without a line or word in answer. He struggled along a month or two more, and then he went to see Amos Wilson, with the final result I have heretofore described.

The days slipped away like golden sands, and the summer grew in beauty and brightness to Della Lindsay. The sunshine fell into her heart as softly as it capped the green, blossomy hills. The daily drudgery of toil became suddenly lightened and illuminated by this same golden glow, and the world grew dear, and life looked only a sweet and beautiful dream.

Into this supreme atmosphere one day a sudden cloud broke. It had been no larger than a man's hand, for weeks she had not discovered it, and was therefore, totally unprepared for the great darkness that came upon her. She had returned from a long ramble over the prairie, her hands loaded with blossoms, and stood by the door describing their names and habits to Paul Leicester, whose grave face was softened into a rare, tender smile, whenever the pretty brown eyes and wild rose-checks were lifted to his face.

"Della, my dear, I want you a moment," her father said coming out into the entry.

Without a word she followed him in, the blossoms still in her hands, and some of them dropping to the floor as she walked.

"Come in this way my child," Mr. Lindsay said, passing before her and opening the door into the parlor, where, sharply outlined against the sunset sky, stood Amos Wilson, with his back to the window, and his great ungainly form showing in bold relief against the light.

Somehow the feeling of depression which had so weighed her down on the day the homestead was mortgaged, came upon her again, and she felt the color leaving her face, and felt her face grow white and rigid.

Mr. Lindsay closed the door carefully and came forward to his daughter's side.

"Della," he said, struggling to appear calm, "Mr. Wilson has done me the honor to ask permission to pay his court to my daughter. I have told him that my girl is free to answer for herself—what shall it be, Della?"

Della cast one quick glance into her father's face, and saw all its eager hope and anxiety. Then she turned to Amos Wilson, who had taken a step forward and was looking at her sharply from under his low brows, his pale eyes burning with faint opaline tints. Involuntarily she shuddered and drew back.

"I do not love Mr. Wilson, father," she said faintly.

"But can't you learn to love him, Della?" he asked quickly, his lips twitching nervously.

"No, father, I cannot," she answered, this time firmly. "I thank Mr. Wilson for the honor he has done me, but I do not love him, and you do not ask me to marry a man I do not love, father?"

"No, my child I do not ask that," he said gently, but with a chord of sadness in his voice.

Poor Della! how suddenly the cloud had descended and enveloped her. With heavy heart she crept softly out and left the two men together. She knew what her refusal had meant to her father. She knew the load which chafed and fretted him so might have been lifted with a simple movement of her lips, and yet she had not given it—she could not give it! Dropping her blossoms as she went, she hurried out to a little arbor of wild vines in the garden, and there, alone with the pitying twilight and the stars, she sobbed out the first bitterness of her regret and pain. She heard Mr. Wilson come out and go away, and then, a little after, heard a step in the garden—a step that sent the blood in a fierce, sudden torrent to her heart, and then to her cheeks.

"You are not repenting so soon, Della!" and Paul Leicester came and took the wet flushed face between his cool palms tenderly.

"Oh, I couldn't marry that man; why should he ever think of such a thing?" Della asked, pitifully. "And father—" She stopped abruptly, but he felt how hot her cheeks grew against his hand, and knew what she would have said.

"He is rich, little Della."

"I know it," said Della, with a little choking sob.

"And I am only your father's laborer, and yet I have dared to love the same lady. What do you suppose he will say to my presumption, if she refuses this rich man so cavalierly?"

"You? O—O, Mr. Leicester! Don't mock me!" She broke down in another flood of tears, and Mr. Leicester comforted her with a great many fond words which would not look half so delightful and charming in print as they really were, from the fact that certain things are universally pronounced silly, unless one happens to be one of the dramatis personæ—then they are better and more to be desired than the wisdom of Solomon.

By and by it grew chilly, and the damp mists came up from the river, and Mr. Leicester said Della must go in, though she, foolish child, would have tarried there gladly, nor thought of damp or chill, if it had been January instead of August, if he was only there.

"I want to see your father, too, Della," he said; and so they went in. Mr. Lindsay sat by the kitchen table, his arms crossed and leaning on it, and before him, scattered about sundry papers, etc. He looked up, then made a motion to gather them up. Mr. Leicester drew Della's arm through his, and came quickly forward.

"Mr. Lindsay, I love your daughter and she loves me," he said in a steady, assured voice. "I know Mr. Wilson would be more exceptable to you, but I think you are too much the gentleman to object to me on property grounds. I think we can manage to live—Della and I—somehow. What do you say to us?"

Mr. Lindsay glanced from the radiant, blushing face of his daughter, to the strong, quiet one beside her, and though it cost him a little effort, he said cheerfully:

"I will add my blessing, if that is what you ask. God knows that my child's happiness is more to me than money—a thousand times."

Paul Leicester's face softened into a rare smile. "You are a brave man, Dean Lindsay," he said warmly, his eye kindling, "and you shall never be sorry for having trusted me."

Mr. Leicester begged for an early wedding day, and soon won Della to his side by his eloquence and persistence. "It was as well, perhaps, now as any time," Mr. Lindsay thought and also yielded. And Mrs. Lindsay had too long leaned upon and deferred to Della to think of objecting to anything she asked; and so it was arranged for the last week in September. Two weeks before the time, Mr. Leicester said it would be necessary for him to be away a week, and without mentioning his destination, took his departure. The week passed, and then ten days, and he neither came or wrote to them. And then it lacked but one of the day fixed for the wedding, and Della grew nervous and Mr. Lindsay angry. But the afternoon brought the truant, who with a bright smile, said he was delayed by business.

"By the way," he added, taking a folded paper from his pocket, and tossing it to Mr. Lindsay, "I saw Mr. Wilson as I came along.

"The mortgage deed!" exclaimed Lindsay, looking perplexed.

"Yes. It's no more than fair I should make you some present when you have so generously given me this dear girl," putting his arm about Della.

"But I don't understand. I—I—"

"Thought I was a poor fellow," finished Leicester, smiling. "I know you did, and I will add that I have been to considerable trouble to give you that impression,—learning farming, for instance! Do you remember that, Dean?" he asked abruptly, tossing a letter he had written to his cousin in New Orleans.

Mr. Lindsay rose to his feet, pale and trembling.

"You are not he—you are not Julian Richardson!" he gasped

"I am very much afraid I am that eccentric personage," he replied, laughing. "I believe I was christened Julian Paul Richardson. When I received your letter, I conceived the idea of visiting you incog. Your second letter determined me, and I must confess I am thoroughly delighted at the success of my experiment," he added with a bright smile upon Della, who clung to his arm, pale with wonder and excitement.

"You see, Dean, I desired to know if your were worth helping—it's a foolish hobby of mine always—and there was no other practicable way. I think we'll not trouble Mr. Wilson again, my good cousin! For, as I told you once before, I think we can manage to live some way—Della and I—can we not—my darling?"

And for answer Della hid her face on his shoulder and cried, woman fashion.

The Last Ship.

We read with about the same emotion as of the engulfing of a city by an earthquake, or of the overflowing of a kingdom by armies, that the last whaling ship of Nantucket has been disposed of, and that its oleaginous fame is therefore now only a thing of the past. Yet thirty years ago a hundred brave ships manned by many hundreds of the most skillful and intrepid seamen that ever trod a deck or were "rocked in the cradle of the deep." Who that has ever read Cooper's sea tales, but can imagine Long Tom Coffin rising in his watery shroud, and denouncing the demoralization of the age? And who can imagine the seagirt isle, whose broad-brimmed skippers could dart a harpoon as a duelist snuffs a candle, and whose very maidens could become enthusiastic over the tales of the great cetacean wars, subsiding into a humdrum ocean resort for mere pleasure-seekers? And yet to this complexion has it come at last. The glory of Ilium is gone—there is no more occupation for its Hectors, the Coffins of a later age. Ocean has encroached upon the land over vast areas, and now the land retorts in some sort with petroleum—the rocks and not the waves, shall yield us light and lubrication, and therefore what further need of ye ancient mariners of Nantucket's sea-girt shores?

But the event should not occur with only passing notice. It is an incident of national interest, and far less noticeable events have formed the theme of the poet and historian. The history of Nantucket and its whalemen dates back into the old colonial times, when in sharp row-boats alone its sturdy mariners pursued the whale in the Atlantic, until by slow but steady progression, like the ancient Argonauts, they extended their voyages beyond their own shores, and reached even the "Spanish main." In this hardy school were trained the seamen who did so much with little means in the great struggle of the revolution; and in the war of 1812, with our "fir-built frigates," swept almost like chaff before them the oak-ribbed ships of England; and in the rebellion, they formed an important element in the valor that gave fame to Farragut and other names. But when peace prevailed, their adventures and conquests were no less remarkable. No ocean, no strait, no gulf or bay, under all God's sunlight, where whale could enter or man pursue, that these men did not penetrate; and their white sails vied with Arctic and Antarctic ice and snow, or glistened in the hot glare of the tropics. They discovered islands and people unknown before to christendom; they made charts of unknown seas, by which ordinary commerce is now safely pursued; and enriched our knowledge in geography, and in many other subjects, in a degree beyond the world's general recognition. And in their occupation they were the first. English, French, Germans and the hardy seamen of the far northern seas, often entered into competition with them on the fields of their exploits, but were so uniformly beaten that such rivalry was extinguished, and our whalemen were recognized as the proper lords of those domains where a whale could "spout," and then yield its "blubber" to a Nantucket harpoon. Their fame was world-wide, and we feel sure will not prove to be evanescent. Their rocky island will be revered by our people as much as the rock at Plymouth is by the puritans.

The cause of their decadence is not alone the competition of petroleum. In the rebellion, the cowardly miscreant Simmes signified his valor as an "Admiral" by destroying large numbers of the defenceless ships, and for the period of the war ruined the business; and two or three years ago some fifty or more ships were wrecked in the Arctic ocean by the early closing in of winter. The interest has never recovered from these blows. There are still a few whaleships sailing from New Bedford and other ports; but we fear the glory and romance of the whalefishery sailed with the last ship from Nantucket. [Fayetteville, N. Y., Recorder.

For three hours did Mr. Nathan Hosier, of Daviess county, Ind., stand out by the fence and rave, and cuss, and tear his hair, and dare his wife to come out doors—all this with the chill winds of March whirling up his trousers legs. Hosier was a milk peddler and had just sold his farm and was going West into some well-watered region to grow up with his cows. He had stowed away his last year's earnings, amounting to $700, in a parlor stove that had not been used for some time. While "tearing up" the carpet preparatory to moving, Mrs. Hosier started a fire in the parlor, and before she thought of the money it was entirely destroyed. At last accounts her husband had eloped with the town pump, and the injured wife says let the guilty couple go.

The wasp with a yellow bustle is no insignificant agent in dispersing a crowd, but a nervous woman making through a crowd for the cars with a valise in one hand and an umbrella in the other is about as appalling an object as the human mind can conceive and hold its balance.

The Bank of England.

The recent forgery committed on the Bank of England makes the following sketch from the Cincinnati Times and Chronicle of past frauds and forgeries timely and of interest. The Bank of England was founded in 1694. For sixty-four years after its establishment the institution enjoyed a happy immunity from forgeries, and to Richard Vaughn, a Stafford linen-draper, belongs the unenviable fame of its first forger. Richard does not appear to have been a bad sort of a fellow, indeed his general character was above reproach. He was so unfortunate, however, as to be in love with a pretty girl who liked him much but money more. She could not be persuaded to marry a poor man, so the devoted swain counterfeited, with indifferent success, some £1000 in bank notes, and deposited them with his lady-love as evidence of his wealth. The marriage followed shortly thereafter, but the success of the honeymoon was somewhat marred by the hanging of Richard; and even the bills were not left for the consolation of the widow. The example thus set was briskly followed, and for many years thereafter the Bank Inspectors were tried to their utmost to prevent the counterfeited notes from imposing even upon themselves. In 1780 the bank found itself in possession of a large number of forged notes, so perfect in all their parts, even to the supposed invulnerable water-mark, that their falseness was hardly to be detected save by the duplicate numbers. The most skillful detectives, inspired by plenteous offers of "blood money," failed in every attempt at discovery. The bills were easily traceable for a certain distance, but in each case brought up finally at some one of the numerous lottery offices then in vogue, and there baffled farther pursuit. For many months the bank continued a victim to this prince of counterfeiters, until at last the merest accident led to his discovery in one Charles Price, who, manufacturing his own paper, tools, and inks, doing his own engraving, and, aided by his mistress, his own circulating, had baffled the most searching investigation. The affection and watchfulness of the partner of his crime enabled him to avoid the first descent of the officers, but their tools were too close for escape, and soon thereafter Mr. Price played the last role of an English suicide in ornamenting the four corners of an English cross-roads.

FORGERIES AND DETECTIONS.

John Matheson, a Scottish engraver, was one of the next to attract particular fame in the counterfeiting line, and went composedly to the gallows after reaping a half million of dollars, mostly from the Bank of England. During his career one of the bank clerks invented a novel machine by which, in the twinkling of an eye, he could pare off a very thin rim from a sovereign, leaving the edge notched just as before. He had made several thousand pounds by the operation, when he very unfortunately found himself, one Monday morning, dancing in mid-air at Tyburn. Another clerk had a very narrow escape from unmerited disgrace just at this period (1870). A bank note for £500 had been stolen, and payment stopped. A few days subsequently, the note was found in the paying department, where it had been exchanged for gold. It had apparently been certified by one of the oldest of the receiving clerks, who, upon being shown his signature, immediately recognized it, but utterly failed to remember having made it. The negligence was so gross that he was about to be discharged in disgrace, when one of the bank officers, convinced that so trustworthy a clerk could not have made so inexcusable a mistake, took the note to an eminent chemist to have the ink of the signature analyzed. He proved conclusively that the ink was not that used by the bank, and that the certification must have been forged. At the opening of the present century the counterfeiting of Bank of England notes had increased in startling ratio. The cities and larger towns were little victimized by it, the forgeries being of a very poor character; but in the provinces, and among the peasantry of the Continent, the loss and consequent suffering were great. Brimingham was the great headquarters of the trade, and counterfeit notes could be bought, as a contemporaneous journal says, "in quantities sufficient to load a jackass." Thousands upon thousands of them were disposed of to poor and illiterate persons, who thought they were exchanging their little all for a safer medium. In 1808 the trouble was temporarily met by the bank authorities by a change in the character of their notes.

AN IMMENSE FRAUD.

Early in 1814, the bank, and, in fact, the whole Stock Exchange, was victimized by a "bull" fraud, that rivals in its magnitude, and certainly in its daring, the most famous of our Wall street corners, not excepting even that of "Black Friday." England was almost exhausted by her terrible fifteen years' struggle with Napoleon, and tottered on the verge of revolution and financial ruin. The successful military operations which had checked the last grand coalition had added to the deep anxiety, and depressed the funds to an alarming extent. Of a sudden there was a tremendous rally. Consols arose with a jump, and the transfers of a single day were greater than those of months previous. The transactions on 'Change were of such magnitude that the nimble fingers of the clerks could scarcely find time to record them. The cause of this excitement was this: On the 21st day of February, about 1 o'clock in the morning, a violent knocking was distinctly heard at the door of the Ship Inn, at Dover. The intruder announced himself as Lieutenant Colonel Dubough, aid-de-camp of Lord Cathcart. His richly embroidered uniform, his stars, orders, gold lace, etc., supported the assertion; and the salt spray which wetted him confirmed his story that he had bribed a French smuggler to bring him across the Strait. His news was important. Napoleon had been slain in battle, and the allied armies were in Paris. The wildest excitement was produced. The news was forwarded to London, and spread like wildfire. Stocks and consols rose with tremendous rapidity, and securities which had been bought by the perpetrators of the job on Saturday for some $5,000,000 sold on Monday for fully $15,000,000. The crash followed speedily, and the Banks and Exchange awoke to the fact they had been "bulled" out of over £2,000,000. Investigation implicated in the fraud some of the leading nobility, including Lord Cochrane, one of England's most gallant naval officers.

THE FAUNTLEROY FRAUD.

Close upon this gigantic "corner" came the Fauntleroy fraud, one of the most daring and extensive of the century. It was a series of forgeries of powers of attorney executed by Mr. Henry Fauntleroy, the head of a banking house of some standing, and upon which he had sold stocks to the amount of many millions, involving the Bank of England alone to the extent of £360,000. Upon his arrest there was found in his private room a book containing a complete list of his forgeries, with the following extraordinary endorsement: "In order to keep up the credit of the house I have forged powers of attorney, and have therefore sold out all these sums without the knowledge of any of my partners. I have given credit in the accounts for the interest when it became due. HENRY FAUNTLEROY."

Great exertions were made to secure the pardon of the guilty man on account of his standing, but without success. He died before the debtor's door at Newgate, amid the vastest concourse of spectators that an English criminal of late years has ever called forth. About this time it became apparent to the English mind that the issue of small bank notes was conducive to a melancholy waste of human life. Counterfeiters were being hanged at the rate of three score per annum, and still the counterfeiting went on. Forged notes appeared of such excellence as to pass undetected through the scrutiny of the bank inspectors. Hanging did not seem to trouble the forgers a particle. "Men were hung in strings," says John Francis. "Monday mornings witnessed a waste of human life alike horrifying and disgraceful, and yet the forgers were undaunted." The famous case of William Weller was evidence of how callous such frequent executions has made the criminal population. In the very room where Weller's corpse lay in its open coffin, and not an hour after it had been taken from the gallows, his accomplices, passed counterfeit £1 notes on the attendants.

THE GOVERNMENT A FORGER.

Then the authorities first began to perceive that the severity of the criminal code overleaped itself. The press took up the war, and, after a bitter fight, forced Sir Robert Peel, in 1830, to bring in a bill discontinuing the punishment of death in all cases of forgery save of powers of attorney and wills. The fight was not advantageous to England's reputation. During its progress Mr. Nicholls charged, in the House of Commons, that the Government itself had engaged in forgery in order to depreciate the credit of France and America; and Mr. Doubleday openly asserted that Pitt caused a large quantity of French assignats to be forged at Birmingham with like purpose. Out of very shame they were obliged to stop hanging for crimes they themselves had committed. From the long list of frauds on the Bank of England that remain unmentioned, we select one wherewith to close our sketch—the famous Exchequer forgeries of 1837-42. Bills of Exchequer are among the most popular securities of the realm, and money is as readily borrowed upon them as upon United States bonds to-day. During the five years mentioned, Ed

Letter from Georgia.

Correspondence of the Journal.

SAVANNAH, April 7.

I left Jacksonville in the first inst., at 7 a. m., and arrived here at 10 p. m. I make a note of the fact because it is the first time within my experience when the locomotive on a southern railroad fulfilled the promise of the time-table. That portion of the road that passes through the northern part of Florida is entirely devoid of interest, save to the man who fancies the odor of pitch and turpentine, or who has an ear for the music of steam saw mills, or who is fond of indulging in mathematical calculations as to the money value of huge piles of hard pine lumber. Soon after entering Georgia one begins to be reminded of the North; plains of sand begin to give place to rolling ground; the train begins to rush through deep cuts; clay and reddish loam begin to crop out; symptoms of thrift, energy, business vitality begin to exhibit themselves; and the listless mind of the traveller is aroused to the consciousness that he is within the limits of the empire State of the South. Such Georgia is; her present is full of promise; it is safe to predict for her a glorious future. Like the strong-hearted, brave man, she has wasted no time in mourning over the "lost cause", but has manfully accepted the situation, thrown off her coat, rolled up her sleeves, and gone to work. God bless and prosper the old whig State of Georgia!

Savannah is the most beautiful city I have seen at the South; it is the best ventilated city I have ever seen; it has that in which our large cities at the north are almost uniformly deficient—a bountiful supply of lungs. It has been called the Forest City of the South, and richly merits the appellation. It is so crowded with trees that one coming from the interior is tempted to call it a village, although rather a large one—its population being about forty thousand—rather than a city. Its streets are broad, all but a very few unpaved, densely shaded by ornamental trees, the beautiful Pride of India, the evergreen oak, the glossy leaved, flower crowned magnolia, &c. On two of the principal streets there are four rows of trees; between the two inner rows is a broad promenade; outside of them, on each side, is a broad carriage-way and sidewalk; a row of trees dividing the walk from the way. The whole arrangement of the city in the matter of streets is on the broad gauge principle; in fact there is nothing about it that savors of the narrow gauge.

It would not be inappropriate to call this city the city of Parks; for it contains thirty-two of them, located at convenient intervals and all ornamented with trees and shrubs, affording a series of delightful promenades. I stop frequently in my rambles through them to look at the healthy, hearty little Young Americans trundling along in their little carriages drawn by the omnipresent Dinah, or tumbling on the grass, and find it difficult to repress the wish that I was the owner of a dozen of them, more or less—the little ones, I mean, not the Dinahs—and that I lived in Savannah. I can hardly conceive of a better locality for raising children, outside of the broad, open country where there is no stint of sunshine and pure, invigorating air.

Opposite the Pulaski House, at which I am stopping, in Johnson Square, in which there stands an obelisk erected to the memory of Generals Greene and Pulaski, of Revolutionary fame, the corner stone of which was laid by Lafayette during his visit to this country in 1825. It bears no inscription, is made of marble not of the purest quality, and is about fifty-three feet high, embracing pedestal and shaft. There is another monument to the memory of Pulaski, in Monterey Square, erected in 1853. It is of the purest white marble, standing on a granite base, and is a most beautiful specimen of monumental architecture. On its summit is a statue of Liberty holding the national flag; on one side of it are two shields, clutched by the American Eagle, on which are sculptured the Arms of Georgia and Poland. It is about fifty-five feet high, and cost, as I am informed, twenty-two thousand dollars, gold. On one of its panels is a representation of the hero, wounded and just falling from his horse; on the one opposite is the inscription following:

PULASKI,
THE HEROIC POLE
WHO FELL MORTALLY WOUNDED
FIGHTING FOR AMERICAN LIBERTY
AT THE SIEGE OF SAVANNAH, 9 OCT, 1779.

The most beautiful park in the city is Forsyth Park, at the foot of Bull street. It is inclosed by an iron fence of elaborate workmanship, ornamented with trees, shrubs, flowers, vines, vases, and near the centre of it is a fountain, which cost about six thousand dollars, designed from the Crystal Palace fountain at Sydenham, England. The water is let on every day, provided it is not stormy, at four o'clock, P. M.; that hour has found me on the spot every day since I came here; and even at this late hour I am unable to answer to my own satisfaction the question whether I derive the greater pleasure from strolling in the shade of the trees, inhaling the perfume of the flowers, watching the gambols of the children, the groups of their elders scattered here and there, the fountain pouring down its wealth of water into the basin, or the Tritons sending it back again, high into the air, through their conck-shells. Perhaps it is the combination of all these charms that attract me daily to this loveliest spot in the city.

Among the notable places in the city are Trinity Church, on St. James Square, near the spot where John Wesley first held forth on the then new sectarian platform now known as Methodism; the Exchange, on Bay street opposite the head of Bull street, from the tower of which the best view of the city can be obtained. It was in front of this building that Gen. Sherman reviewed his army in January, 1865, a few days after he occupied the city. There is another building known as Masonic Hall, used now for other purposes than those for which it was originally intended, rendered historic by the fact that within it the Ordinance of Secession was passed in January, 1861; about four years later the citizens assembled at the same place to celebrate the triumph of the Union. The building in which the Colonial Legislature held its sessions still stands, on South Broad Street. The house in which the Governor of Georgia lived while the city was in possession of the British is located on Broughton street. The market is a fine, capacious, well constructed and well ventilated edifice. It is closed for business early in the day. Walking through it early in the morning I find a bountiful display of game, poultry, beef, mutton, pork, fish and vegetables. Prices are somewhat as follows—grouse and wild ducks from 1.25 to 1.75 per pair; beef from 12 1-2 to 20 cents per pound; pork from 12 1-2 to 15; mutton from 15 to 20; veal from 20 to 25; eggs, 25 cents per doz; beets, carrots, turnips, radishes, spinach, etc., abundant at 10 cents per bunch; new cabbages 15 to 20 cents per head. Green peas are in the market, but not yet abundant. The fish market embraces shad, mullet, trout, sheephead, catfish or *cats*, snappers, drum, bass and numerous other varieties. Under the market is a row of restaurants, or rather, semi-hotels, for the rent of each of which the city receives five or six hundred dollars per year.

The principal point of attraction outside the city is the Cemetery of Bonaventure, about three miles distant, on the river Warsaw. The grounds are laid out very tastefully; I ought rather to say, beautifully. Broad avenues traverse them in various directions, crossing each other, passing through a forest of live oak, almost every tree draped with Spanish moss, giving to the whole scene a solemn, funeral aspect; it seems peculiarly fitted for the resting-place of the dead. There is an atmosphere of solemnity, not of sadness, pervading it. The death curtain hanging from the branches of the lofty, wide-spreading oak, whispers, it is true, of

"The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep, damp vault, the darkness and the worm"—

but the evergreen leaves speak eloquently of immortality, a faith in which alone can rob death of his sting, the grave of its victory. I have never seen any place approximating in solemn beauty to this City of the Silent, save Magnolia Cemetery in the vicinity of Charleston. No one visiting Savannah should omit to visit Bonaventure.

I drove out to McAlpine's rice plantation this morning, about four miles from the city. Prior to the war it was one of the most extensively cultivated rice plantations in this vicinity; employed about three hundred slaves; they of course joined the stampede, and since then but little, if anything, has been done on the place in the cultivation of rice. From indications about the place I should judge that the proprietor is turning his attention to the cultivation of other products. The fine old baronial mansion is beautifully located on the bank of the Savannah, and is approached through one of those grand avenues of oak festooned with moss which are to be met nowhere in our country save at the South. The slave-quarters are still standing, although somewhat dilapidated. On my way out I took a look at Jasper's Spring, the place where Sargent Newton Jasper, with one companion, *surrounded* and captured a guard of eight Britishers, and rescued the prisoners they had in charge, in the days of the revolution; but you read the story when you was a boy, as a large majority of other boys probably did, and will continue to do until the story lies so far off in the realm of antiquity as to be regarded as mythical.

A beautiful drive of about four miles in another direction brings you to a place called Thunderbolt; a very fashionable resort with pleasure seekers, thirsty and otherwise. It is indebted for its name to a tradition that many years ago a bolt of lightning, or thunderbolt, struck the earth in this locality and a spring of water immediately gushed forth from the spot; the water still flows. If any man doubts the story he can take a drink of the water; and if the story be true, he can do it with safety, for lightning never strikes twice in the same place, you know.

I have reached my limits, and yet have hardly begun to say what I would about this really *live* city. To do it justice would require more time and labor than I can spare just now. You must be content with this mere shadow until you come and see the substance for yourself.

W. G. C.

Letter from Rockland.

Correspondence of the Journal.

ROCKLAND, April 14.

The muddy season is upon us with a vengeance, and the prognistics are that we have not yet begun to "see what we shall see." Locomotion of all kinds is having a rest. Some enterprising capitalist could now realize a handsome competency by establishing a line of ferry boats at the various crossings, leaving every half minute. To the right man, a fortune is already in his grasp. To encourage new business of this kind, the city would, no doubt, exempt it from taxation for a term of years. Who bids first?

The city council are at loggerheads over the subject of salary of the City Marshal. At a late meeting the committee to report salaries for city officers recommended $730 as an equivalent for his services for the space of twelve months. The Board of Aldermen desired to recompense him to the tune of $1000 per annum. This not being "seen in that illumination" by some of the city fathers, who think $730 pay enough for the amount of labor rendered, it did not pass, and the matter is now hung up and in suspense for the present. The general opinion is that the "temperance clique" have slightly overdone the thing. If they wish the City Marshal to have $1000 per year, and desire to contribute the extra $270 out of their own pockets, no one would object. But after "springing the trap" in the manner they have, it seems as though some of the city dads have their eyes open and know their business. There will be another skirmish at the next meeting.

The second Baptist church has just purchased a new organ, and have advertised an organ concert, the proceeds of which will go towards the liquidation of the same.

Billy Cook's Academy of Fun opened for a season at Berry's Opera House on Saturday evening, to a crowded house. The performance gave general satisfaction.

Sunday morning about half past twelve a fire broke out in a small wooden building at the corner of Main and Holmes street. The department was promptly on hand, but owing to the high wind and the progress of the fire when discovered, the building with contents was entirely consumed. Fully insured.

During the tornado that visited us Saturday evening, a fishing vessel dragged her anchors and ran ashore; damage slight.

Terrible Earthquake.

THE CITY OF SAN SALVADOR IN RUINS—EIGHT HUNDRED LIVES LOST—$12,000,000 OF PROPERTY DESTROYED.

ASPINWALL, by way of Havana, April 10. San Salvador, the capital of the Central America Republic, has been destroyed by an earthquake, causing a frightful loss of life.

Eight hundred persons perished, and property valued at $12,000,000 was destroyed.

The earthquake was followed by a conflagration, and many buildings were burned.

[The City of San Salvador, capital of the confederation of the same name, is situated on a small stream which flows into the Pacific Ocean 105 miles southeast of Guatemala, and three miles southeast of the volcano of San Salvador. The crater of the volcano is more than half a league in circumference. The city was founded in 1523 by Spanish emigrants. At different times it has suffered by earthquakes, especially in 1659, and in April, 1854, when it was nearly destroyed. It has long been a cathedral city, and contained some fine buildings. It was a market for indigo and sugar, and had some factories of cotton goods and iron.]

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Mistaken Policy.

From time to time the sickly and foolish sentimentality which of late years has arisen respecting evil doers, gets a sharp rebuke. Murderers were sympathized with, petted and cried over, until it became apparent to the dangerous classes that the best thing each could do for himself and his fortunes would be to kill somebody. The large cities, and in some cases the rural districts, became as unsafe as the lonely Arab-haunted deserts to the solitary traveller. We all know how out of this state of things arose a stern and determined demand for justice, for the execution of the cowardly ruffians who murder, until the temper of the time is represented by the sterling words of Governor Dix—"He who strikes a murderous blow at the life of his fellow man, must be made to feel that his own is in immediate and certain danger." The lives of murderers are worthless to themselves, and worse than worthless to the community; and the foolish sympathy which had been wasted on them made the class tenfold more dangerous.

The attempt by the government of the United States to apply the sympathizing plan to the ferocious and blood-thirsty Indians of the west, is equally vain. The nature of the Indian is made to stand out sharply and clearly in the light of the recent massacre of Gen. Canby and the Peace Commissioner near the Oregon line. The treacherous Modocs enticed these men into the lava beds, on pretence of holding a peace conference, and then deliberately murdered them.

The history of this Indian war will be remembered. Trouble arose between them and the white settlers, and Indian-like, they made a raid on the settlements, killing men, women and children. Then fleeing to an almost inaccessible spot in the mountains, they gathered provisions and prepared for resistance. Here they were attacked by three hundred troops under Col. Gillem, in which the soldiers were defeated, owing to the peculiar nature of the ground. Gen. Canby then took command, and drew a line of troops about the position. Then the Indians desired to hold a talk, and professed to be willing to be removed to a distant reservation. This was simply a plan to kill the commander and commissioners, as the sequel proved, and which is related in another column.

We never talked with a man who had been upon the frontier and understood the Indian nature, who did not believe that the plan of making "good Indians" of the savages by presents, journeys to Washington and feasting, was a humbug of the first water. The Indian of the west is born and nurtured with the idea that those who treat him kindly and make presents are fools and cowards, from whom much more can be had by demand and threats. His business is theft, and his pastime is war. He prefers to scalp women and children rather then men, because the long tresses of the former can be braided into fringe for the adornment of his person.

With such people peace commissions and Quaker diplomacy are follies. They need to understand simply and only that while they keep the peace all will be well—but that a single act of war is death. The only missionaries that they can appreciate are the rifle and sabre.

An. Appeal Asked for and Granted.

Barnabas Roberts, the Collector of this district, after the charges which we have made have been sustained by the public, desires another hearing. Over his signature he says this—

In answer, Mr. Simpson, to your repeated insinuations, I have to say that, with the consent of the Treasury Department—which I have no doubt can be obtained—a committee of the citizens of Belfast, a majority of whom shall be Democrats, are at liberty to thoroughly investigate the affairs of the Custom House, for the two years I have held the office, which I believe to have been kept with scrupulous exactness and fidelity. And further, upon the least suspicion of a departure therefrom, I will be obliged if you will notify the Chief Detectives for New England, with whom I have not the slightest acquaintance, who will doubtless send outside detectives, not known to the Belfast officers, to investigate its affairs.

In behalf of the public, we accept the offer. Let the collector procure the consent of the department at once, and before a proper committee the people's side of the case will be presented. And when the report of that committee is obtained, we will publish it in full. We will as as soon have all republicans, if tair minded men. This is no party matter. The people of the whole district and state, without regard to party, condemn the flagrant violation of law and decency which the management of this custom house daily thrusts in their faces.

—Our brother Edes, of the Dover Observer, is moved to say—

The Belfast Journal is one of our best exchanges. It is newsy, sprightly, spicy, witty and prolific of good things generally. We delight in reading it, we copy a great deal from it, and perhaps don't give it proper credit. We like it—we rather like its editor; and the only thing about it we don't like is its politics.

Thanks. A compliment like that, from the father of the Maine press, is something to be proud of.

—The ten companies of uniformed militia in this State have been organized into a regiment, and on Friday an election of regimental officers was held at Augusta, with the following result—Colonel, Charles P. Mattocks of the Portland Light Infantry; Lieut. Colonel, Daniel White, of the Jameson Guards, Bangor; Major, Wm. H. Fogler of the Belfast City Guards.

—It costs only five dollars to fracture a man's skull in Bangor.

What the States Manufacture.

The Journal of Commerce has compiled from the census reports a table showing the manufacturing industries in each state producing over $1,000,000 worth of any one description of manufactured merchandise. From this table some curious results are gathered. In no less than twenty-four of the states flouring and gristmill products form the leading manufactured staple, showing an annual value ranging from $1,516,150 in Nebraska to $60,237,220 in New York, which gives the largest return of any of the states. In Illinois the flouring and gristmill products are set at $43,876,775; in Ohio at $31,692,210; in Indiana at $25,371,322, and in Missouri at $31,837,351. The returns from New York show that next to the gristmill product the largest branch of manufacture is that of men's clothing, amounting to $44,718,491; after which come, in the order of their importance, refined sugar, $42,837,184; tanned leather, exclusive of morocco, dressed skins and curried leather, $26,988,420; and boots and shoes to the value of $22,679,874. The heaviest manufacture in Massachusetts is not cotton goods, as most persons probably suppose, but boots and shoes, which are annually turned out there to the value of $88,399,583. The product of cotton goods in Massachusetts amounts to $56,267,580, and of woollen goods $39,409,242. The only states in which the manufacture of cotton goods forms the leading manufacturing industry are Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, and their products are respectively, Maine, $41,738,781; New Hampshire, $16,999,072; and Rhode Island, $22,072,203. In Pennsylvania the iron interest of course predominates over all others. Its product in pig, bloom, forged and rolled iron, together with iron bolts, nuts, washers, rivets, nails, spikes, pipe, and castings is set down at the sum of $128,701,907, in addition to which machinery and boilers to the value of $29,258,153 are manufactured, besides nearly $7,000,000 worth of steel. Connecticut's leading manufacture is that of woolen goods, amounting to $17,365,148. Sawed lumber is the principal manufactured product of Michigan, Mississippi, Florida and Washington territory, the figures for the first named state being set at $31,946,396, the other two states and Washington territory returning less than $3,000,000 each. But Maine's product of sawed lumber nearly equals in value its cotton goods, amounting to $11,391,747 annually. In Louisiana the molasses and sugar form the staple manufacture, the production amounting to $10,341,858. Milled quartz to the value of $12,119,719 heads the list of manufactured products in Nevada, and Maryland's leading manufacture is that of refined sugar, amounting to $7,007,857 yearly. West Virginia turns out forged and rolled iron, nails, and spikes to the value of $8,690,820 every year. These are the leading manufacturing industries of the several states, though other branches of manufacture not here enumerated amount in some instances to far greater sums in the aggregate than the single ones we have specified.

ROBERTS & HICHBORN,

STOCKTON, ME.
DEALERS IN SUGAR, MOLASSES, CLOTHS, & IMPORTED GOODS GENERALLY.

As one of the firm is Collector at Belfast, and the other acquainted with the holes in the revenue skimmer, great facilities may be had to customers and to themselves. *Sharp is the word.*

Mr. O'Kelley, a correspondent sent to Cuba by the New York Herald, to investigate the state of affairs there, has been seized as a spy by the Spanish officials, who propose to try him, and execute him if found guilty. There is no doubt that this gentleman went there solely for the object stated; he made it known to the authorities at the time of landing, and received their implied sanction; his imprisonment adds another to the long list of Spanish outrages which must be atoned for, and which this country has too long submitted to.

The Portland Transcript says, in reference to railroad schemes, that—

As the question of building the Levis and Kennebec railroad from Quebec to Solon, assumes importance and probability, there begins to be made some flurry among the railroad men of this State in regard to the connections to be made with it. It is suggested that the Maine Central may use the roving charter of the Belfast & Moosehead Lake road for the purpose of tapping it. This may involve a contest with the Somerset road.

A. W. Paine writes to the Bangor Whig that if the eastern railroad comes to Bucksport, the Penobscot Bay and River Road will be built to Prospect; then application will be made to bridge the Penobscot river at that point, which will probably succeed. Thus lights begins to break, up river. They see that the precedent of a bridge at Belfast, may be used to hamper the commerce of Bangor and all the river. We said at the time that our up-river friends were too fast, and that the knife they sharpened for us might be applied to their own throats.

NEWSPAPER PREMIUMS. The Travellers Record, published at Hartford, is a little sheet, but full of fun. Fred. Atwood, up at Winterport, insures his chickens in the Travellers. He calls our attention to the fact that this paper has entered on the premium business, with the following magnificent offers—

PREMIUM LIST EXTRAORDINARY.

NO APRIL FOOL ABOUT THIS.

1. For Ten Dollars in Cash and stamps for return postage, we will send any five dollar chromo in the market. Will send by mail, or female, as directed. If can't suit on a chromo, will send half the money back. ☞ No other journal will do this.

2. To any person sending us a chromo worth ten dollars, (charges prepaid) we will send two copies of the Travelers Record for one year, postage prepaid. If you havn't got a chromo, send the cash. ☞ Talk about liberality.

3. To a club of twenty, sending us one dollar apiece, we will send a portrait of the Spurgeon, Wesley, Beecher, or any other man that we can get a photo. of. ☞ This offer is entirely unsectarian.

4. To a club of fifty, sending us ten dollars apiece, we will send a magnificent organ (hand) with full set of music by handle. If can't get the organ, will send the monkey; or a washing machine, if preferred. ☞ Match this.

5. To any person sending us a one thousand dollar bill (a good one, in a letter) we will send five shares Credit Mobilier stock—if we have any. Dividends on the Contribution Plan. Not transferable. ☞ Now then.

N. B.—A copy of the Record will be sent with either of the above premiums, when requested.

P. S.—A friend looking over the above list, says he don't see where the liberality comes in. We can see it, in a minute—second paragraph, last line. It's plain as day.

—Barnabas confesses that his writings are "balderdash." Worcester says the word is of Icelandic origin, from bulldur, which signifies "the prating of fools." Nothing could be more appropriate.

—Having a bill against a man in a Kennebec town, we sent a letter of inquiry to a newspaper man of the locality. The reply is—"He is dead, but he pays just as well as he ever did"!

Verdict in the Case The Journal vs. Barnabas.

The collector of Belfast is out in the Age with another column of that dreary drivel. We suspect that the editor of the Prog. Age, in permitting the Collector to make such a pitiful exhibition of himself in the columns of that paper, is taking a quiet revenge of the appointing power. As the editor of the Age was a candidate for the position of collector, and failed, he must now be taking satisfaction in allowing the present incumbent to prove, over his own signature, what a consummate ass was placed there by the powers that be. We have to thank the Age for the very efficient aid it has lent to our purposes. For once we have labored in the same direction.

As showing public sentiment in respect to the exhibition that the collector has made of himself, we have heretofore quoted from the papers of the State. A few more, and all that have appeared, will be appropriate here. The Lewiston Gazette, edited by that veteran of the press, Col. Waldron, says—

Simpson, of the Belfast Journal, has some reputation for sharpness when he draws the quill editorial. Recently one Barnabas M. Roberts, Collector of Customs in the Belfast district, thought he saw a chance to be funny at the expense of Simpson, and displayed his wit and his lack of judgment at the same time in an elaborate article in the Age, whereupon Simpson peels off his coat and goes for Barnabas in the following touching strains.

Here follow copious extracts.

The Portland Transcript, always discriminating and just, remarks—

A fearful conflict is raging between the collector of customs at Belfast and the editor of the Republican Journal, and the whole country is laughing at the rare sport. The collector has missed it in trying to fight Simpson on his own ground, for there are very few men in this or any other State who are his match in a warfare of pasquinade. He carries a Gatlin gun into such skirmishes.

If there is a paper in the State which is thoroughly devoted to the defence of the administration, its measures and officials, when it can possibly do so, that paper is the Machias Republican. But it can't stomach Barnabas, and notices him in the following terms:

Barnabas M. Roberts, the Collector at Belfast, is the son of a very respectable and quite distinguished Quaker Doctor, always a resident of Brooks in the County of Waldo. The only fault the old gentleman ever committed, besides prescribing calomel and jalap, was to be the father of a man who has not the sense to maintain the dignity which an important office requires of him as due to the people of his district, and to the service of the United States. We refer to a controversy between Mr. Roberts and the editor of the Republican Journal, in which the Collector disgraces the service, and his respectable ancestry.

When papers like the Republican declare that the collector is a disgrace to the service, what need have we to seek further for a verdict? Occasionally that official may feel a shaft, when we incline to "use him for our mirth, yea for our laughter"—but a set reply to such stuff as he puts out, would be preposterous, especially after the case has been decided.

The Salary Steal.

Uncle Sam had a roost for his hens,
Where they roosted by thousands and tens;
The motion to rob it was Ben's

"Hired men of my uncle, I feel,"
Said Ben, in a solemn appeal,
"Low wages do tempt us to steal."

The force of this moral idee
Was so mighty and powerful, you see,
Not to do it they couldn't agree.

So the hearties, they gave Ben a boost,
And his fingers they suddenly noosed
Two pullets per man from the roost.

Uncle Sam is now watching the spot,
To discover a man who will not
Go home with a *foul* in his pot.

—Bangor has a new case of small pox.

—A New York dispatch of last week says—

In regard to seizure of $60,000 worth of goods on the Algeria on Saturday, it has leaked out that special service officers took their hint from the crockery crates washed ashore from the wreck of the Atlantic, in which quantities of smuggled silks were found concealed. They searched all similar crates on the Algeria, with the above result.

That was an unfortunate venture for the smugglers. But if the crockery importers had been custom house inspectors, as is the case in this district, such a disclosure could never have happened. The crockery crates that come here never tell any tales.

—We learn that our fellow citizen, Hon. A. G. Jewett, has taken strong ground in relation to the recent salary swindle, and denounces the act as a scandalous violation of official honor and decency. He puts the blame upon the shoulders of all who aided the bill or consented to it, and holds the President especially blameworthy in having approved a bill that contained a gift of a hundred thousand dollars to himself. It is quite probable that Mr. Jewett will soon give to the public his views upon this subject.

—The storm of Saturday and Sunday was very severe at the westward. In Boston it was called the worst of the season. Several inches of mingled snow and rain fell, and the wind blew a fierce gale.

—The remains of Helen L. Gilson, whose services as a nurse, endeared her so greatly to the Army of the Potomac, lie without a memorial stone, in Woodlawn Cemetery. The members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and those who have experienced her kind nursing, are raising a fund for a suitable monument. Contributions may be sent to Chas. A. Campbell, of Boston. We have no doubt that this will meet the eye of many who will be glad to contribute.

—A fellow on the line of the Bangor and St. John railroad has a fancy for shooting bullets into the train at night.

—A coffin which an Augusta undertaker had at his door was stolen recently. The perpetrator of the grave offence is shrouded in mystery.

—The Bridgton News, which was badly scorched in the recent fire, comes to us shorn of its proportions, but full of pluck. Major Shorey will soon bring it out in full size, with new type and press.

—The Augusta Journal having accused a lady of that city of being "beastly drunk," Dr. Brickett explains in a card that she had taken too much medicine composed of chlorotorm and morphine.

The friends of Nixon, the convicted murderer will dance in a Bowery hall on Monday night, for the benefit of his family. [Tel. despatches.

Is there any other place in the wide world where the friends of a condemned man would get up a dance for his benefit, just before he dances on nothing?

—Brigham Young is resigning his secular trusts. He says he is getting old, and can attend only to the affairs of the church. Brigham is 72, and smart, notwithstanding his much married condition.

—Dr. Jordan has written a temperance poem having the title of The Great Goliah, which he will read in Bangor to-night. The bearing of the title lies in the application of it. Goliah was slewed with a sling.

—Pope Pius the Ninth is reported to be very ill, so much so that his life is despaired of. The Cardinals have been convoked to elect a successor immediately on the event of the decease.

Maine General Hospital Fair.

The State Fair to be held at Portland, commencing June 10th, in aid of the above benevolent institution, is enlisting the efforts of the philanthropic in all portions of the state. We trust that the matter may receive a due share of attention from this vicinity, and that liberal contributions may go forward in aid of this most worthy object. As giving a sketch of the purpose of this institution, we copy the following from the Portland Transcript—

The establishment of hospitals for the relief of the sick and the infirm was one of the first fruits of Christianity, and their multiplication has kept pace with the spread of Christian civilization. In Europe they are found in almost every town, and many of them are richly endowed and freely dispense the relief afforded by the highest medical skill to all classes in the community. They serve also as schools of instruction, increasing the proficiency and skill of the medical profession, and thus aiding in the alleviation of human suffering throughout the world. The stranger in London requiring the highest medical skill for some surgical operation, is told that he will find it at St. Bartholemew's Hospital, and having received the benefit of it is surprised to learn that no charge is made, and that relief is dispensed to all comers without money and without price. Such institutions as this ennoble humanity and give a practical exemplification of the common brotherhood of mankind.

The State of Maine possesses no establishment of this kind. There is not within its borders a single hospital for the general treatment of diseases open to the sick of all classes. The need of such an institution has long been felt, and by the exertions of a few public spirited citizens the foundation of a General State Hospital have been laid in this city. The plan combines the latest modern improvements in such buildings, and the site is one of the most beautiful and healthful that could possibly be found anywhere. The complete execution of the plan will afford accommodations for two hundred patients, but at present it is proposed to finish and put in operation only one of the four pavilions which constitute the entire plan of the building. By the aid of $20,000 given by the State, and $50,000 contributed mostly by the citizens of Portland, the work has been so far pushed forward that only the sum of $40,000 is needed to put the institution in a condition to receive patients. For this sum the Directors look to the people of the entire State, every man and woman of whom have an interest in the establishment of this institution.

It is proposed to raise the sum required by means of a great State Fair to which all can have the opportunity of contributing according to their means. We appeal to our subscribers, who are to be found in every town in the State, and to all the sons and daughters of Maine who read the Transcript in every State in the Union, to do what they can to help on this benevolent enterprise, for the credit of the State and the general good of the community. It is needed as an asylum for the sick and suffering, where they may obtain the best of treatment under the most favorable hygienic conditions. It is needed for those of small means, without permanent homes, who are yet willing and able to pay a moderate price for its manifold benefits. It is needed for those who are now obliged to go out of the State for that surgical aid which they ought to be able to obtain at home. It is needed to complete and crown our system of public institutions, established by the people for the benefit of the people. The richly endowed hospitals of Europe owe their foundations to royal bounty or the offerings of the noble and wealthy. Here we must look to the general contributions of all classes, and the people cannot fail to act as wisely and benevolently for themselves as the nobles of Europe have acted for the lower orders. The support of such an institution is demanded of the intelligence and prosperity of the State, and every citizen has a personal interest in it, for no one knows how soon he may require the benefits it has to bestow.

Let the whole State, therefore, unite to make the coming Fair the grandest exhibition not only of the benevolence and generosity of our people, but of their mechanical skill, their manufacturing industry, their manual dexterity, their artistic taste, their inventive ingenuity, their general intelligence and well-doing. None are so poor that they cannot make some contribution to its collections, and no sum is too insignificant to help on the good work. There are many reasons why this should be the grandest exhibition of the wealth, taste, and varied products of our industry ever held in Maine, and every man, woman and child should be proud to have a hand in making it a great and glorious success.

The following rules for the government of the Fair have been adopted by the executive Committee—

1st—Tables shall be numbered, and assigned by lot.

2d—Nothing shall be sold on commission. Every article brought into the Hall for sale becomes thereby entirely the property of the Fair, and it must not be given away, or disposed of in any manner not approved by the Executive Committee.

3d—The prices of all articles will be fixed by the Executive Committee.

4th—All articles are to be marked and sold at reasonable prices.

5th—All responsible parties—whether individuals, Parishes, or other organizations—throughout the State, desiring space at the Fair, may have tables assigned them on application to the Executive Committee at their Headquarters, 120 Middle street.

6th—There shall be a general table to be called the "Portland Table," for the reception and disposal of all articles received by the Executive Committee, and of all other articles not designed for other tables.

7th—There will also be a state table for the disposition of all articles contributed without assignment to any table from outside of Portland.

CHAS. E. JOSE, Secty.

SOMETHING AHEAD. Despatches from New Orleans state that great naval preparations are being made at that port, evidently looking to an expedition against some foreign power. Monitors, gunboats and rams of the most formidable construction are in readiness to move, and various are the conjectures as to the intentions of the government. It is generally conceded, however, that the force will move either to Cuba or Mexico, most likely the former. The Spanish home government is but little better than anarchy, and it is understood that the troops in Cuba contemplate a revolt, with the design of separating from Spain. In that event, and probably without it, a large naval force will be needed on that coast to protect the interests of the United States government and its citzens.

HELL GATE PILOT LAWS. Governor Dix sent a message to the N. Y. Senate Thursday transmitting a communication from the Governor of Maine with a resolution of the Legislature of this State regarding the exaction of half of the pilotage from vessels of a hundred tons burden and upwards, passing through Hell Gate, when no pilot service is rendered. Gov. Dix says:—

Under existing laws licensed or coasting vessels entering the harbor of New York by the way of Sandy Hook are not required to pay pilotage unless they take a pilot. On the other hand, coasting vessels of a hundred tons burden and upwards navigating the channel of Hell Gate are required to pay half pilotage when they take no pilot. This requirement is objected to as unjust and oppressive by the Legislature of Maine, and there seems to me no ground for the distinction between vessels entering New York harbor through different channels. The exaction of pilotage on vessels engaged in commercial transactions between New York and other States, when no pilot service is rendered, appears to me to be unneighborly and unreasonable, and I respectfully recommend that the act of chapter 263, of the laws of 1871, be so amended as to exempt all coasting vessels from the requirements referred to. The record of the Port Warden's office show that the whole amount of pilotage collected on vessels navigating Hell Gate from April, 1871, to March 12, 1873, was $89,107.50, as follows: Foreign vessels piloted, 1469, paying $24,028.66; American vessels subject to pilotage, 4056, paying $43,203.68; American vessels not subject to pilotage, 1837, paying $12,084.11; half-pilotage collected from 1818, $9,771.15.

To-day is the occasion of the annual fast, as appointed by Gov. Perham. Let those who humble themselves and mortify the appetites of the flesh by sitting down to roast veal and horseradish, reflect how much better it is to observe the requirements of the day than to go to a raffle or a turkey shoot.

—Mr. Staples has sold his old Waverly Hall, on Winthrop street, Augusta, at a good price. Talk was made of converting it into a shoe factory, and the dons who live in the neighborhood, and had smelt burning leather, bought it at $5000

For the Republican Journal.

Pensions for Militia Men of 1812.

We noticed, some weeks since, in the Ellsworth American, a pension bill which was then pending before the House of Representatives at Washington. We now learn that this bill was defeated in the Senate. If we are not mistaken, one provision of that bill was to give pensions to all the militia men of 1812, without regard to the question whether they had or not rendered service. As this would entitle so many throughout the United States, without regard to merit, we consider it fortunate that the bill was defeated.

By another provision of that bill, the *discharge* of the soldier was made a pre-requisite to his drawing a pension. This would have cut off all the militia men and their widows between Eastport and Castine, for not one of those soldiers received a discharge. This *Coast militia* were about all whose services as militia men are entitled to consideration. The 2d Regiment guarded the coast between Steuben and Castine. Their claims to Bounty Land have been established. The *basis* of those claims, as contended by those who established them, was the retention of those soldiers to guard the coast from the beginning to the end of the war. They were held for that purpose by virtue of general orders from the General Government, and were not permitted to go into the United States service with United States troops at Eastport, Castine or elsewhere.

It was contended that these general orders were sufficient record to answer the act requiring record evidence, and sufficient, as matter of law, to open the door to parole testimony of the officers and men to the service which was rendered in compliance with those general orders.

A *record* of twenty-nine days service was also found. As this twenty-nine days' service was sufficient upon which to issue the warrants, the chief examiner went no farther, and did not then consider whether they should or should not be regarded as having served longer.

The department has, however, since taken the enlarged view and issued six or eight pensions to those soldiers and their widows. Those pensions have, as we learn, been discontinued in consequence of outside interference, and no more pensions or bounties have been granted.

It strikes us that the more enlarged is the only just view to take of the subject, and that our delegation in Congress should do what it can to make that view effectual. It will be seen that there is no need of any further legislation so far as these claims are concerned. JUSTICE.

After the Storm.

Floating hair all tangled and torn,
Beautiful head laid low on the sands,
Pride all out of the arching lips,
Life all out of the marble hands—
O terrible, restless, trembling sea,
How could you leave her alone with death?
Clasping her close in a cold embrace,
And stealing away the last low breath.

Glimmering pearl cast up by the storm,
Shining anew in the Father's crown,
Where are the friends that longed to save?
What hand clasped thine when the ship went down?
How far did'st thou ride on the rushing wave?
What kindly breaker tossed thee here,
Lashing the foam for thy snowy shroud,
And touching thy brow with an icy tear?

The sea-birds whirl with their moaning cry,
But where is the voice so clear and sweet?
The waves bound up to clasp the shore,
But where is the spring of the arching feet?
There's a jewel shines on the slender hand,
But where is the gem beyond compare—
The lip that should sparkle within the eyes,
And crimson the cheek so white and fair?

Ring out, wild waves, your endless wail,
'Tis a dirge for Beauty and Youth and Love,
'Tis a funeral hymn for the deathless soul,
Winging its way to the throne above.
Beauty and mystery all her fame,
Left to the mercy of stranger hands;
Tenderly, sadly we leave her there
In an unknown grave by the shifting sands.

Belfast, April 14, 1873.

Generalities.

"Chicken buds" is what the Detroiter calls for when he wants eggs.

Massacre by the Modoc Indians.

LAVA BEDS CAMP, April 11, } VIA YREKA, April 12. }

Yesterday afternoon five Indians and four squaws came into our camp, and were presented with clothing and provisions by the Peace Commissioners. A message was sent out by the Commissioners asking for a talk, this morning, at a point about a mile from our picket line. Later in the evening Bogus Charlie came in and told the picket that he could take his gun; that he (Charlie) did not intend to go back any more. The picket brought him in and took him to the tent of Gen. Canby, where Charlie left his gun and remained at the tent of Frank Riddle during the night. This morning Boston Charlie came in and told the Commission that Capt. Jack and five other Indians would meet the Commission outside our lines. Boston Charlie and Bogus Charlie then mounted a horse and started for the lava bed. About an hour after their departure Gen. Canby, Dr. Thomas, A. B. Meacham and Mr. Dyer, with Frank Riddle and his squaw for interpreters, started for the place appointed. The party arrived at the place designated and were closely watched by the signal officer, Lieut. Adams, from the signal station on the hill overlooking our camp. About half an hour after the party had arrived a cry from the signal station was heard, saying that the Indians had attacked the Peace Commission, and that an engagement had commenced between the Indians and Col. Mason. In a moment the troops were under arms and deployed as skirmishers, under the command of Col. Green, and orders were given to go forward at double-quick time.

THE MASSACRE.

Very shortly after, Mr. Dyer returned and told us that the Indians had attacked them and that he thought he was the only one who had escaped, but in a few moments after Riddle and his squaw were seen within the picket line. From him we gather the following account of how the massacre commenced: Mr. Meacham made a short speech to the Indians, followed by Gen. Canby, and then by Dr. Thomas. Then Capt. Jack made a speech asking for Hot Creek and Cottonwood, now occupied by Fairchild and Dorris as a reservation. Meacham told Jack that it was not possible to give him what he asked. Schonchin told Meacham to say no more; that he (Meacham) had said enough on that subject, and while Schonchin was speaking, Capt. Jack got up and walked behind the others, turned back, and exclaimed, "All ready." He then drew his pistol and snapped a cap at Gen. Canby. He cocked his pistol again and fired. Gen. Canby fell dead, shot under the eye. Schonchin then shot Mr. Meacham in the shoulder and head, but he is still alive. Boston Charlie and another Indian shot and killed Dr. Thomas. Hooker Jim chased Dyer for some distance, but Dyer turned upon him with a pistol in his hand and Jim ran. An Indian knocked Riddle's squaw off her horse and took it, but Capt. Jack made him return it, and then another Indian chased Riddle and shot at him. Some allowance may be made for the truth of this last statement.

THE TROOPS ORDERED FORWARD.

YREKA, Cal., April 12, 10 P. M. The news of the horrible massacre of Gen Canby and Commissioner Thomas has caused a gloom over the entire community, and great excitement. The feeling exists that the Modocs should receive the punishment they richly deserve, and that not one should be left, for this terrible massacre. The troops are now about a mile in the lava beds, lying on their arms, and will probably advance to-night under the cover of darkness. There are at the lava beds about 600 troops which can be brought into active service. H. C. Ticknor, who brought the official despatches, left the headquarters at 5 P. M. yesterday. He said that orders had just been issued for an advance along the line at 5 A. M. to-day. The plan was to advance slowly, taking everything as they went, having water and provisions along with them. In this case it may be two days before the trouble is ended.

THE MODOC PLAN.

A courier left here at 9 o'clock to-night for Gen. Gillem's headquarters with despatches from Gen. Schofield. By many persons it is believed that the Modocs are utterly desperate and will fight till their last man falls, and that they will not leave the caves in the lava beds. By others it is believed that they have already made their escape, and will begin a relentless warfare upon all the weak parties of the whites they encounter. It is supposed that Scar Faced Charlie and Curly Head Doctor were with the Indians who attacked Col. Mason's position, and that this attack was a blind to attract the attention of Gen. Gillen from a conference between Capt. Jack and his men and the Peace Commissioners.

Brigham Young.

NEW YORK, April 11.

Brigham Young telegraphed to a paper here that his resignation as a secular officer does not affect his position as President of the Mormon church, in which capacity he shall still exercise control, even to the details of business. He says the Mercantile Institution last year paid a dividend of ten per cent; that their bank is sound, and that the Utah Central Railroad earned $210,000 net last year. He says that they intend establishing settlements in Arizona; in the Apache country, and open up that country to white settlers. The Mormon cities, towns and villages are already extending hundreds of miles in that direction. He denies that he has any money in the bank of England, all his means being invested in Utah. He says that the time will come when the world will better understand his mission than it does now.

SALT LAKE CITY, April 11.

It is known that Brigham Young will resign the presidency of the Utah Central and Southern railroads and accompany a missionary company to Arizona. The company will be large, as it is intended to be employed in building the Southern and Pacific railroad. Emigration will be promoted in order to increase the mission, and the political control of Arizona is looked for.

The Man Whom Grant Pardoned.

I witnessed a singular spectacle on Pennsylvania avenue the other day—that of a gentleman gayly dressed and driving a fast team, and evidently in excellent spirits. Yet this gentleman is just out of the Albany penitentiary, and he, only a short time ago, stole hundreds of thousands of dollars from the Treasury. It was Major Hodges, the thief, who by the interference of the President, was not punished for taking a vast amount of the people's money. He is warmly welcomed by many of his old friends, which shows that the American people do not care much for theft in itself, so that it is done in a respectable and gigantic fashion. There can be no question as to the facts in this case. Major Hodges robbed the Treasury of tens of thousands of dollars, and he is not punished, simply because his social standing was high. If he had stolen a watch or a diamond pin he would still be in the penitentiary, but to steal a hundred thousand dollars is a safe and respectable crime, and that is the lesson his life teaches to the boys of America. [Washington Letter to Springfield Republican.

The Brunswick Telegraph says: The timber cut on a piece of ground in Topsham, on the old Bowdoinham road, not far north of the Purington tannery, has been sawed at the mill of Mr. W. F. Purington. A few days since while a log was passing, the saw encountered an obstacle. The mill was stopped; an inspection discovered a six-pound cannon ball imbedded in the heart of the pine log, about 16 inches in diameter. The wood around the ball was decayed, but several lengths of boards had been cut before the ball was reached, and no hole was discovered in them, showing that after the ball had entered the tree, the wound had healed, and the growth upon the exterior went on as before. When the Topsham Artillery Company was in its prime, its captain occasionally practiced with the guns at target-firing, and the ball is supposed to have been one discharged by him, at least forty years ago.

Fall of a Building and 15 Men Buried.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 9. A terrible accident occurred at Middletown this afternoon at 5:15 o'clock. At that time the nearly completed building known as the Shepard Block, fell in, burying under the ruins some 15 men. Business was suspended and the people immediately gathered at the spot and commenced the work of taking out the dead. The following is the list as far as ascertained, six bodies having been recovered: Elisha Harrison, Jas. Tyler, John Kelly, Owen Sullivan, Julius Phelps and Joel Shepard, the latter a brother of the builder.

Two ladies were passing in front of it when the accident occurred, but escaped without injury as did also one of the inmates, among them the owner and his builder, who says he wished he had been buried with the others in the ruins. A large crowd gathered immediately and commenced moving the timbers, &c. Before six o'clock the following dead bodies were recovered: Elisha H. Harrison, Jno. Kelley, Jno. Tynan and Owen Sullivan. The following were injured: Jno. Reagan, leg broken; Joseph Eveland, skull fractured; Rutherford and Tuell received slight injuries; Allen and Downs escaped uninjured.

At 6.30 about two hundred men were on hand at work rescuing those who were still in the wreck, and it is espected that two or three more bodies will be found. The fire department did good service. All business was suspended and a large crowd gathered in the vicinity. The Middletown National Bank building was slightly injured by the accident, a portion of the block having fallen on it.

The Shepard Block was located on the site of the old North Congregational Church, between the Post Office and the Middleton Bank. When completed the building would have cost about $25,000, and it is probable that $20,000 has already been expended upon it. The building site was sold at auction last summer by the North church and purchased by Allyn M. Colgrove for $25,000. Mr. Colgrove subsequently leased the site to Chester Shepard, Jr., for twenty years, and Mr. Shepard commenced work on the ruined building late in the fall. The cellar was dug during the winter. Probably the disaster was caused by this fact. When the frost began to melt the clay soil gave way and one week ago it was observed that the building had slightly settled on the south end. The walls were of brick and only twelve inches thick. Supt. Elisha K. Harrison, one of the killed, was a son of Sylvanus Harrison, of Northford. He was 27 years of age and leaves widow. He resided in Middleton.

10.45 P. M. The sixth body has just been taken out and proves to be Joel Shepard, a brother of the builders.

The Senators and Their Back Pay.

The back pay subject has been skillfully avoided by many Senators by the simple process of drawing nothing of the amount to their credit on the books of the secretary of the Senate later than March 3. The accounts were made out to that date, on the existing appropriations, while a new account was stated for the increase. Many Senators took advantage of this, and, drawing none of the salary for the new Congress, the books appear as though none of the back pay was drawn. Every Senator whose term expired March 4, has received the back pay except Mr. Harlan. Vice-President Wilson, it is stated, deliberated a long time about taking his share before he turned it over to the treasury. One Senator, whose name is not given, hesitated several weeks before receiving his quota, and then cursed his misfortune and poverty which "compelled" him to do so. This Senator is well known to be in extremely reduced circumstances, and during much of his Senatorial term has required such constant medical attention that his resources have been greatly drawn upon from that source. Senator Corbett drew his share, but found it so small that in disgust he wrote the letter turning it over to the Washington monument fund. No orders have yet been given for stone-work on the strength of Mr. Corbett's subscription of $148. Nye of Nevada drew his, and said he intended to give it to the orphans. One Senator refused to receive his pay, but directed it paid in such a manner as will enure to him the benefit of his constituents. Another one received just enough to pay off a mortgage on his homestead, the only property he owns in the world, and which was mortgaged to raise the money for his expenses in Congress.

The Bank of England Forgery Case.

LONDON, April 10. The developments made in the great Bank of England forgery case, which was before the lord Mayor again to-day, conclusively established the fact that the forgeries were committed by Austin Bidwell, now under arrest at Havana, and whose surrender has been ordered by the Spanish government. George McDonnell is held for extradition in New York. George Bidwell, whose arrest in Edinburgh is already announced, and Noyes, the alleged clerk of the parties, who was the first person taken into custoday, are here. George Bidwell and Noyes, after examination to day, were remanded to Newgate.

Newfoundland Accepts the Treaty.

NEW YORK, April 11. A letter from Newfoundland to the Evening Post, dated April 1, says the House of Assembly has agreed by an overwhelming majority to accept the provisions of the treaty of Washington, which have reference to Newfoundland. Only four out of a house of thirty voted against the ratification of the treaty, and they did so on technical grounds, arguing that the question should have been first submitted to the constituencies.

A heartrending affair occurred near Montvale Springs, N. Y., during a storm which recently passed over that section. Four children, daughters of Mr. Thomas Herron, left a school-house to go home, just as the storm came up. Becoming frightened at the fierceness of the wind, they turned around to run back to the schoolhouse, when two trees falling together struck them to the ground in sight of the teacher and the rest of the children. As soon as the teacher could get to them he did so, and found the eldest, a girl of 16, so fearfully mangled that she only lived about an hour; another had her skull fractured; the third had her right leg and thigh broken, and the fourth her right arm shattered, while all of them were internally injured. No hopes are entertained of the recovery of two of the children, and the case of the fourth one is considered very critical. The father of the children is a farmer living five miles southwest of Montvale Springs, in Happy Valley.

The St. John Globe states that, last fall, the brigantine Ottawa, 160 tons, hailing from Miramichi, but owned by Read & Co. of Boston and Rockland, N. B., was loaded with grindstones at an Albert county port, for Boston. She was frozen in the ice, but was afterwards forced out into the bay. There she floated about for some time, without a soul on board. At length some persons boarded her, and after some time brought her to St. John. The owners came here to settle with the salvors, but no satisfactory arrangement could be made, the salvors demanding $2000, while the owners were not willing to give more than $1500. The salvors then gave the vessel into the possession of the commissioners of wrecks, and she has been in charge for some weeks. On Wednesday morning, there was some astonishment when it was discovered that the Ottawa was not in the slip. She had disappeared. It appears that in the evening she was boarded by a party of men, acting for the owners, it is presumed, the lines cast off, and the vessel towed out to sea by a steamer. She will be taken into Eastport, it is said.

A DOUBLE ESCAPE. Fifteen seamen, who were lately sentenced to twelve weeks' imprisonment in England for refusing to go to sea on board the ship Peru, were liberated upon the statement in Parliament by Mr. Hambro, M. P., of the fact that two days after the vessel left Portland harbor she founded at sea.

The Destruction of San Salvador City by Earthquake.

A private letter from a gentleman in San Salvador to a friend in Philadelphia gives an account of the beginning of the earthquake. Deprived of its personal references, it contains the following facts: For a few days previous to March 4, slight shocks of earthquake occurred, but no serious apprehensions were entertained. On the afternoon of the day named, about half-past 4 o'clock, within thirty seconds a great part of the city was reduced to little more than ruin. Suddenly the ground heaved as the deck of a ship in a gale, terrific thunderings burst from under foot, walls tottered and were rent in many places with wide crevices; roofs sank, and tiles, etc., were precipitated to the ground; lamps, pitchers, basins, glass, etc., were overturned and broken. Three violent shocks followed in succession. The most singular effect was upon the dumb animals. Wild birds flew to the houses, the horses grew frantic in the stables, and the dogs howled and slunk away for protection. Every few minutes shakings of less violence occurred. The scene the writer describes in the following words: "Ruined houses, panic-stricken people—men, women and children—fleeing to the fields with valuables hastily collected. Then the ringing of the alarm bells and beating of drums, calling all the soldiers under arms—for here murder and pillage accompany the confusion of great earthquakes, and as the frightened citizens leave the town, dusky Indians from the forests prowl for prey into it, only checked by the bayonets of the Government troops. These were posted in squads at short distances over San Salvador and a guard posted in the front and rear of the legation." The writer determined to seek refuge with his children at Santa Tsela, or New San Salvador, about ten miles from the capital. It is 800 feet high, and was thought to be more exempt from "temblores." He reached there at midnight and the night passed safely with occasional earthquakes and the arrival of other fugitives from the city. By morning the majority of the population had fled from San Salvador. The letter closes with the following paragraph:

SAN SALVADOR, March 10. I open the letter to add that although the *temblores* continue, not much additional damage has occurred. We are all here at Monte Cristo, as it is hardly safe yet for the children to return. I came in to-day to close my correspondence for the steamer, and, mid fallen roofs and the debris of broken walls and chattels, write this in the legation office. The British consulate is a literal ruin, and many other houses. At 8 this morning there was another heavy earthquake. No loss of lives in the whole of them. The children continue enjoying the finest health and spirits at the hospitable mountain retreat where they have found refuge.

Victory Upon Victory!

The unbroken series of victories which have been achieved by the Democratic Republicans of the country this spring, demonstrate the enduring vitality of Democratic principles, and the exhausted patience of the people with the managers of the republican party. Every corner in our own State attests the general feeling in New York. The destruction of Administration prestige in New Hampshire shows that there, also, the confidence of the people is destroyed. In Connecticut the disgust has deepened and widened, until an unprecedented victory is the result. And the great cities of the West return answer that the Republican party has been weighed in the balance of searching investigation, and found utterly wanting in the moral character and respect for popular right which is necessary. St. Louis and Milwaukee, the other day, and now Cincinnati, Toledo, Dubuque, and Baton Rouge, declare that faithful adhesion to Democratic principles in the sole hope of the Republic. And Albany stands erect again, under the same inspiring banner.

With the revelation of Radical rottenness comes the return of the people to the cardinal ideas which have been the sheet anchor of the governing power of the nation during the greater part of its existence. Let Democratic Republicans, and all who hope for reform and the revival of the conservative influences which are essential to healthy prosperity and progress, take courage. The prestige of the Administration is lost, now that it has been shown to be unworthy the confidence of the people.

We are not unmindful that there is a wide difference between the undermining of confidence in Republican management, and the securing of absolute confidence to the Democracy. But we are sure that it will justify every trust reposed in it, and remain true to its faith and its traditions. [Albany Argus.

Further details concerning the mysterious murder which is supposed to have been committed in Hamden, Conn., throw no additional light upon the affair. The carefulest investigation by the authorities fails to reveal the name of the murdered man, where he came from, or who was the murderer. The first that was known of the affair came from two boys who were out for a ramble through the woods on Fast Day. The boys first saw in a depression of the rock the boots of the murdered man projecting from some low shrubbery. On further examination it appeared that the body must have been placed in the position where it lay, and whoever hid it there had cut boughs from some cedar bushes and so arranged them as to form a screen, almost hiding the ghastly sight from the ordinary observation of any person who might chance that way. The deceased was much disfigured in feature. The face and hands had been eaten by mice, or some small animals, and there was no opportunity for establishing identity. From the quality of the clothing worn by the man, it is conjectured that he must have been in good circumstances, and as no papers were found in the pockets it is the belief that robbery must have followed the murder. An inquest held upon the body on Monday revealed nothing new beyond the fact that the man had apparently met his death by being hit upon the head with a heavy club. The New Haven police have no knowledge in addition to what has been given, but much interest is felt in the affair, and a great desire for a solution of the awful mystery is manifested by the citizens.

Fire at Chicopee, Mass.

One of the most destructive fires that has occurred in Western Massachusetts for a number of years, broke out at five minutes past ten o'clock, Monday, in mill No. 2, of the Dwight Manufacturing Company, of Chicopee, and before the flames were extinguished had destroyed both that and the adjoining mill, No. 1, belonging to the same corporation. The fire caught in the wheel room by the accidental oversetting of a lamp and nearly consumed the buildings.

The mills were devoted to the manufacture of cotton sheeting, and cotton flannel, and contained 4,500 bales of cotton, which were destroyed as was also one stock house and three lumber sheds. The total loss will not fall short of $750,000; fully covered by insurance.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE OF MAINE. Charles P. Kimball, Esq., of this city, delivered his able, interesting and instructive lecture entitled as above, at the India Street Church, Thursday evening. Although Mr. Kimball has given this lecture in several portions of our State, yet he has not presented it in this city before. In commencing the speaker gave a retrospective view of the progress of the great interests of Maine from the colonial days to the present, the fisheries, lumber manufactures, ship building, agriculture and commerce. His views on the tariff and the currency, were presented without any partizan interest. He highly complimented Hon. John Lynch for his able efforts in Congress to aid the revival of American commerce. He made a strong argument in favor of the "wooden walls" of Columbia. A vast amount of valuable information and business statistics were given relative to our material interest. Several monopolies were alluded to, and the effect of the repeal of the reciprocity treaty touched upon. [Press.

A Negro War in Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, April 15. Steamboat Southwestern arrived this afternoon bringing stirring news from Grant Parish. The whites have retaken Colfax and there is not a negro to be found for miles around. Passengers say the negroes had strongly intrenched themselves in the Court House and built breastworks 3 or 4 feet high. There were, it is said, about 400 men armed and equipped thoroughly. On Sunday about 12 o'clock some 150 men gathered from the surrounding Parishes and made an attack on the breastworks, and a brisk fight was kept up until somewhere near 3 o'clock. The breastworks were then stormed and captured, the negroes taking refuge in the Court House, the doors of which were barricaded. After some further fighting the negroes flung out a flag of truce, and several detachments of men advanced on it when they were fired on by the beseiged party, wounding several, one of whom was Capt. Hodnot, who was shot in the bowels and is feared fatally wounded.

They retreated outside of the breastworks as the only means of dislodging the negroes. The Court House was set on fire and they were shot as they came from the burning building. It is reported that 80 or 100 negroes were killed and none afterwards were to be found for miles around.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

The Captain of the Northwestern makes the following statement:

We arrived at Colfax on Sunday evening at about 8 o'clock and found the white people with the Sheriff at their head. I suppose they had captured the town after having had a conflict with the negroes. It was reported to me that about 100 negroes had been killed and many wounded. We saw from our boat about 15 or 20 lying around on the banks dead. One white man was reported killed whose name I did not learn and two very seriously wounded, Messrs. Hodnot and Harris. Mr. Hodnot was shot through the bowels and is supposed mortally wounded. We brought Harris and Hodnot down from Coltax to Alexandria. Three or four white men were slightly wounded. About 100 negroes escaped, but it was reported that the whites were still pursuing them. All the leaders of the riot escaped. The negroes ambuscaded themselves in the Court House and the whites finding there was no other mode of attack left and set fire to the building. The whites numbered in the neighborhood of 150 men. The fight lasted from 12 o'clock until nearly 5 o'clock. The whites are now in possession of Colfax and when I left late last Sunday night everything was quiet.

If you are courting a girl, stick to it; no matter how large her father's feet are.

Probate Court.

ASA THURLOUGH Judge—B. P. FIELD Register.

The following business was transacted at the April Term of said Court.

ADMINISTRATION GRANTED ON ESTATES OF—Warren C. Hadley, late of Jackson, Orzilla Hadley, Administratrix; William Furbush, late of Montville, Mary E. Furbush, Administratrix; Mary Harper, late of Belfast, Margaret M. Meek, Administratrix; Martha A. Douglass, late of Monroe, Timothy Mayo, Administrator; Nancy Harriman, late of Montville, Samuel A. Douglass, Executor; Charles Gordon, late of Searsport, Charles F. Gordon, Executor.

GUARDIANS APPOINTED—A. J. Hurd, over Edwin R. Roberts, minor heir of A. W. Roberts, late of Unity, Orzilla Hadley, over Ida May Gilchrist, minor heir of George Gilchrist, late of Jackson; Henry O. Snow, over minor heirs of Jesse Nickerson, late of Winterport; Crosby Hinds, over minor heirs of Jesse P. Farrington, late of Burnham; Joseph C. Jackson, over minor heirs of Sophia Jackson late of Montville; Stephen L. Dodge, over Ambrose J. Dodge, of Winterport, a non compos mentis.

LICENSE TO SELL REAL ESTATE ON ESTATES OF—Samuel Doe, late of Winterport; Minor heirs of Emery Heal, late of Lincolnville.

INVENTORIES FILED ON ESTATES OF—Isaac Bryant, late of Lincolnville; Samuel Doe, late of Winterport; John Rowe, late of Thorndike; Mary Harper, late of Belfast; Woodbury D. Thompson, minor, of Winterport.

ACCOUNTS ALLOWED ON ESTATES OF—Minor heirs of Mary F. Lufkin, late of Winterport; Minor heirs of Joel Mixer, late of Knox; Minor heir of A. W. Roberts, late of Unity; Minor heirs of A. J. Knowles, late of Thorndike; Caroline Knowles, of Thorndike, a non compos; Benjamin W. Small, late of Searsport; Benjamin Shute, late of Stockton; John Rowe, late of Thorndike; Levi Bartlett, late of Montville; Charles Patterson, late of Thorndike; Geo. W. Fish, a minor; Minor heirs of Amos B. Gilmore, late of Searsmont.

WILL PROBATED OF—Charles Gordon, late of Searsport.

WARRANT OF INSOLVENCY ISSUED ON ESTATE OF—Charles A. Locke, late of Swanville.

ALLOWANCE MADE TO WIDOWS ON ESTATES OF—John Rowe, late of Thorndike; Charles A. Locke, late of Swanville.

Pills, Potions and Pungencies.

A lady's foot has been likened to a locomotive merely because it moves in advance of a train.

Ladies who consult their welfare will investigate the merits of Duponco's Golden Pills.

GEN. JAMES A. HALL SAYS

I have used Berry's Vegetable Bilious Bitters, and experienced great relief thereby. From youth I have suffered from Headache, caused by inactivity of the liver, and never obtained anything like permanent relief until I used the above Medicine, under the direction of Dr. Call. I have no hesitancy in saying that, in my opinion there is no preparation in the market equal to this for the cure of Headache or any other Bilious difficulty.

Damariscotta, April, 1872. 4w41

An Indianapolis baggage-tondler has had the stuffing blown out of the 75c. shirt he wore last Thursday morning, while abusing trunks at the Union depot. The trunk belonged to a Kentuckian on his way to Cincinnati, and contained his ramrod, two bottles of powder and a bunch of matches.

"P. P. P. P."

The above are the initials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Sugar-Coated, Concentrated, Root and Herbal Juice, Anti-Bilious Granules—the "Little Giant" Cathartic, or multum in parvo physic. They are scarcely larger than mustard seed, yet represent as much cathartic power as large repulsive pills, being a most searching and thorough yet gently and kindly operating cathartic. Pleasant to take, powerful to cure. 25 cents per vial, by Druggists. 675

Centaur Liniment.

There is no pain which the Centaur Liniment will not relieve, no swelling it will not subdue, and no lameness which it will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. Where the parts are not gone, its effects are marvelous. It has produced more cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, palsy, sprains, swellings caked-breasts, scalds, burns, salt-rheum, earache, &c., upon the human frame, and of strains, spavin, galls, &c., upon animals in one year than have all other pretended remedies since the world began. It is a counter-irritant, an all-healing pain reliever. Cripples throw away their crutches, the lame walk, poisonous bites are rendered harmless and the wounded are healed without a scar. It is no humbug. The recipe is published around each bottle. It is selling as no article ever before sold, and it sells becaues it does just what it pretends to do. Those who now suffer from rhematism, pain or swelling deserve to suffer if they will not use Centaur Liniment. More than 1000 certificates of remarkable cures, including frozen limbs, chronic-rhematism, gout, running tumors, &c., have been received. We will send a circular containing certificates, the recipe, &c., gratis, to any one requesting it. One bottle of the yellow wrapper Centaur Liniment is worth one hundred dollars for spavined or sweenied horses and mules, or for screw-worm in sheep. Stock-owners—this liniment is worth your attention. No family should be without Centaur Liniment. J. B. ROSE & Co., New York.

CASTORIA is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only *safe* article in existence which is certain to assimilate the food, regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It contains neither minerals, morphine or alcohol, and is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may rest.

12 Samples by mail, 50 cts, retail quick for $10 R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Sq., N. Y. 1yr26.

A SEASONABLE WARNING. Don't suffer cold to accumulate on cold until your throat and lungs are in a state of chronic inflammation. Attack the first symptoms of pulmonary irritation with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar and achieve an easy victory. Sold by all Druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

We always get mad when we walk along a street about 9 o'clock at night, and passing a shaded porch where a young man is bidding his beloved a good night, hear the girl exclaim in a loud whisper: "O, stop, George, you haven't shaved.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

HOUSE PAINTING!

Paperhanging, Graining and Glazing done in the best manner by

M. A. CULLNAN.

Painting and Papering Front Halls, Parlors and Sitting rooms made a specialty. Orders left on my slate at Albert C. Burgess' Store or at my House promptly attended to. 3m40sp

GOOD WORDS FOR THE

PAIN-KILLER!

We can confidently recommend the Pain-Killer. Toronto Baptist.

It is the most effectual remedy we know of for Aches, Pains, flesh wounds, &c. [St. Johns News, P. Q.

We advise that every family should have so effectual and speedy a Pain-Killer. [Amherst N. S. Gazette.

Our own experience is that a bottle of Pain-Killer is the best Physician a traveller can have. [Hamilton Spectator.

For both internal and external application have found it of great value. [Chris. Era.

A medicine no family should be without. [Monc al Transcript.

Could hardly keep house without it. [Ed Voice

Should be kept in every house, in readiness for sudden attacks of sickness. [Chris. Press.

No article ever obtained such unbounded popularity. [Salem Observer.

One of the most reliable specifics of the age. [Old North State.

Its power is wonderful and unequaled in relieving the most severe pain. [Burlington Sentinel.

An indispensable article in the medicine chest. [N. Y. Examiner.

It will recommend itself to all who use it. [Georgia Enterprise.

Is extensively used and sought after as a really useful medicine. [Journal, St. John, N. B.

No medicine has acquired such a reputation; it has real merit. [Newport Daily News.

One of the most useful medicines; have used it and dispensed it for the past twenty years. [Rev. Wm. Ward, Assam.

The most valuable medicine now in use. [Tenn. Organ.

It is really a valuable medicine, and used by many physicians. [Boston Traveler.

We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark, it need be. [Rev. C. Hibbard, Burmah.

One of the few articles that are just what they pretend to be. [Brunswick Telegraph.

In my mountain travels no medicine is of so universal application as Pain-Killer. (Rev. M. H. Bixby, Burmah.

PERRY DAVIS & SON,

MANF'S AND PROP'S

136 HIGH ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

111 SYCAMORE ST., CINCINNATI, O.

377 ST. PAUL ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

17 SOUTHAMPTON, ROW LONDON, ENG. 4w30sp

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP,
SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC,
SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS,

Are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption.

Sometimes medicines that will stop a cough will often occasion the death of the patient. It locks up the liver, stops the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage follows, and, in fact, clogging the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

Liver complaint and dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of consumption. Many are now complaining with dull pain in the side, the bowels sometimes costive and sometimes too loose, tongue coated, pain in the shoulder-blade, feeling sometimes very restless, and at other times drowsy; the food that is taken lies heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acidity and belching of wind. These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver. Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and if the cough in these cases be suddenly stopped, the lungs, liver and stomach clog, and remain torpid and inactive, and before the patient is aware of his situation, the lungs are a mass of sores, and ulcerated, and death is the inevitable result.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain opyium, nor anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

Schenck's Seawed tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juice of the stomach, digests easily, nourishes the system, and creates a healthy circulation of the blood. When the bowels are costive, skin sallow and the patient is of a bilious habit, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

These medicines are prepared by Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Northeast corner of Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, Penn., and for sale by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover street, Boston, and JOHN F. HENRY, 8 College place, New York, Wholesale Agents.

For sale by Druggists generally.—1y3sp

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.

This splendid Hair Dye is the *best in the world*. The only True and Perfect Dye. Harmless, Reliable and Instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints or unpleasant odor. Remedies the ill effects of bad dyes and washes. Produces IMMEDIATELY a superb BLACK OR NATURAL BROWN, and leaves the hair CLEAN, SOFT AND BEAUTIFUL. The genuine signed W. A. Batchelor. Sold by all Druggists. 1y19sp CHAS. BATCHELOR *Prop., N. Y.*

A BOOK FOR EVERY MAN.

THE "SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF-PRESERVATION," a Medical Treatise on the Cause and Cure of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline in Man, Nervous and Physical Debility, Hypochondria, Impotency, Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, and all other diseases arising from the errors of youth or the indiscretion or excesses of mature years. This is indeed a book for every man. Thousands have been taught by this work the true way to health and happiness. It is the cheapest and best medical work ever published, and the only one on this class of diffis worth reading. 190th edition, revised, much enlarged, illustrated, bound in beautiful French cloth. Price only $1. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, Assistant Physician, N. B. The author may be consulted on the above as well as all diseases requiring skill and experience. 1y39sp

BELFAST PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal.

BELFAST, Wednesday, April 16, 1873.

Flour,	$9.50a11.00	Round Hog,	5a8
Corn Meal,	80a100	Clear Salt Pork,	$18a20
Rye Meal,	1,10a1.15	Mutton per lb.,	8a0
Corn,	90a1.00	Lamb per lb.,	0a0
Barley,	80a00	Turkey per lb.,	25a30
Beans,	55a60	Chicken per lb.,	17a20
Marrowfat Peas,	2.50a3.00	Duck per lb.,	18a20
Oats,	90a1.00	Geese per lb.,	15a00
Potatoes,	50a55	Hay per ton,	$12a15
Dried Apples,	65a75	Lime,	$1.40a0.00
Cooking Apples,	68	Washed Wool	45a00
Butter,	50a00	Unwashed Wool,	35a00
Cheese,	33a35	Pulled Wool,	45a50
Eggs,	18a00	Hides,	8a0
Lard,	12a14	Calf Skins,	16 1-2a17
Beef,	8a10	Sheep Skins,	$1.00a2.00
Baldwin Apples,	65a75	Hard Wood,	$7.00a8.00
Veal,	7a8	Soft Wood,	$4.00a0.00
Dry Cod,	7a8	Dry Pollock,	5a0
		Straw	$8.00a0.00

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

MONDAY, April 14, 1872.

BUTTER—We quote fine fall New York and Vermont butter at 42a45c per lb; prime lots of old at 33a40c; Choice old at 30a42c; bakers' at 12a15c.

CHEESE—We quote Vermont and New York at 16a16 1-2c per lb; medium factory at 14a15c; fine dairies at 15a16c; common cheese at 10a12c.

EGGS—The market to-day is hardly so firm, and sales have been made at 22a22 1-2c, and Southern and Western sell readily at 21a21 1-2c.

BEANS—We quote choice mediums $2 60a2 75; choice pea beans at $3 25a3 37; and good do at $2.75 a3.00; yellow eyes at 3.25 per bush.

DRIED APPLES—We quote at 7 1-2a8 1-2c per lb for Eastern sliced; 6 1-2a 7c 1-2 for Eastern quarters; 7a8 1-2c for New York sliced, and 6 1-2a7c for quarters; fancy Southern sliced sell at 7 1-2a8 1-2c, and common Southern apple at 5a6 1-2c per lb.

VEGETABLES—Early Rose potatoes at 85a90c; Jackson Whites 80a85c per bush.

GRASS SEEDS—$3 50a3 80 per bush for Herds Grass; $3 50a3 75 per sack for Red Top; $ 3-4a9 1-4c for Western Clover Seed, and 9 1-2a10c per lb for Northern Clover.

APPLES—The market is dull at $2 50a$2 75 for Northern and $2 25 per bbl for Western fruit.

HAY—We quote prime hay at $18a20 per ton; Straw $25a26 50 per ton.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, April 9, 1873.

At market this week—3714 Cattle; 4882 Sheep and Lambs; 18589 Swine; Western Cattle 3460; Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows 250; Eastern Cattle, 30.

Prices of Beef Cattle per hundred lbs. live weight Extra quality, $7 50a$7 75; First quality, $7 00a7 25; Second quality, $6 50a$7 00; Third quality, $4 50a5 50 poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c, $3 50a4 25.

By the pound, dressed weight, from 5a11c per lb. Hides—Hides 9 1-2c; Tallow 6a6 1-2c per lb; Country Tallow 5a5 1-2c; Country Hides 9c per lb; Calf Skins 16a20c per lb; Sheep Skins $1 75a 2 50.

Working Oxen—We quote sales of 1 pr, 6th 7 ft 6 in $240; 1 pr, 7 ft 4 in $225; 1 pr 7 ft $215; 1 pr 6 ft 8 in $190; 1 pr 7 ft $200; 1 pr 6 ft 6 in $155; 1 pr 6 ft 8 in $170; 1 pr 7 ft $216; 1 pr 6 ft 10 in $185; 1 pr 6 ft 6 in $135; 1 pr 7 ft $215.

Milch Cows — Extra $50a95; ordinary $2 a50; Store Cows $16a50 per head.

Store Cattle—Nothing doing in the Store Cattle trade, except for Working Oxen and Milch Cows.

Sheep and Lambs—Western Sheep and Lambs cost, delivered at Brighton, from 7 1-2a8c per lb.

Swine—Store Pigs—Wholesale 6 1-2a7c; retail 7a 8c per lb. Fat Hogs, 18,400 at market; prices 6 1-2c per lb.

MARRIED.

At the Universalist Church, in this city, on the 9th inst., by Rev. F. Stanley Bacon, Samuel Norton, Esq., Sheriff of Waldo County, and Mrs. Cynthia Blake of Winterport.

In this city, April 16th, by Rev. Wooster Parker, Mr. Horace W. Banks and Miss Mary R. W. Carter, both of Belfast.

In Hampden, April 10th, Mr. George Damon of Brooks, and Mrs. Mary F. Porter of Hampden.

In Union, March 30, Mr. Joseph E. Clark of Camden, and Miss Ada A. Heal of Union. April 3, Mr. Marble Grey of Washington, and Miss Melvina E. Cartland, of Vinalhaven.

In Camden, March 30th, Hiram F. Monroe of Lincolnville, and Mary G. Thomas of C.

In North Haven, March 30, Mr. Frank B. Garrett and Miss Minerva E. Robbins, both of N. H.

In Damariscotta, March 26th, Wm. H. Hutchings and Mrs. Helen Oliver, both of D.

In Ellsworth, April 6th, Mr. J. Fuller Goodwin of

The Cradle.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

The barn was low and dim and old,
Broad on the floor the sunshine slept,
And through the windows and the doors
Swift in and out the swallows swept.

And breezes from the summer sea
Drew through, and stirred the fragrant hay
Down-dropping from the loft, wherein
A gray old idle fish net lay

Heaped in a corner, and one loop
Hung loose the dry sweet grass among,
And hammock-wise to all the winds
It floated to and fro, and swung.

And there one day the children brought
The pet of all the house to play;
A baby boy of three years old,
And sweeter than the dawn of day.

They laid him in the dropping loop,
And softly swung him, till at last
Over his beauty balmy sleep
Its delicate enchantment cast.

And then they ran to call us all;
"Come, see where little Rob is! Guess!"
And brought us where the darling lay,
A heap of rosy loveliness.

Curled in the net; the dim old place
He brightened, like a star he shone
Cradled in air: we stood as once
The shepherds of Judea had done.

And while adoring him we gazed,
With eyes that gathered tender dew,
Wrathful upon the gentle scene
His Celtic nurse indignant flew.

"Is this a fit place for the child!"
And out of his delicious sleep
She clutched him, muttering, as she went,
Her scorn and wonder, low and deep.

His father smiled and drew aside,
A grave, sweet look was in his face;
"For One who in a manger lay
It was not found too poor a place!"

My Creed.

BY PHEBE CARY.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense,
Where centre is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go;
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nursling bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or, by some cabin door, a bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

Mystery and Crime in New York.

The New York correspondent of the Concord Statesman, in a recent letter, alludes to some of the unsolved mysteries of crime in that city, as follows—

I notice that John Anderson, the once noted tobacconist, has given the island of Penikese to the cause of science. Anderson is a very rich man, and has attained an advanced age. He was for many years prominent in this city where he made his money in the tobacco trade. A few years ago he retired, but notwithstanding his great wealth he has been of an unhappy turn of mind, and has seen much trouble. He was in no small degree notorious from his connection with the Mary Rogers tragedy, whose mystery has never been solved. In 1839, when I was clerk in Broadway, John Anderson kept a large retail cigar store in the same street. It was patronized by the fast young men of the city, many of whom were attracted by a fine-looking girl who served behind the counter. This girl was Mary Cecilia Rogers. She lived with her mother, and appeared to be of a very exemplary character. About a year afterward the girl was missing, and she never returned to her customary employment. A few days subsequently, some men who were boating on the waters of the Hudson, near Hoboken, saw a corpse in the water. On bringing it to land it proved to be the remains of a young woman who had evidently died from an attempt to escape disgrace by violence to nature. This corpse was identified as the remains of Mary Cecilia Rogers, the pretty cigar girl. The police commenced an investigation, which continued for a month, but threw no light upon the tragedy. The perpetrators of the outrage had left no trace which could be followed. The journals of the city and indeed, of the whole Union, discussed the matter, which subsequently became one of the great landmarks in the history of crime. It has frequently been rehearsed and last year the narrative was republished in the Tribune for the benefit of the present generation. The most thorough examination of the tragedy was made by Edgar A. Poe, whose genius was peculiarly adapted to the analysis of mysterious questions. His tale of *Marie Roget* is based on this affair, and those of our readers who may have read that fascinating narrative will remember how the author's theory was that the murder was committed by an unknown sailor. I have no space to review the matter as I would like to do, but may say that I passed that cigar store daily for a long time and remember the intense excitement connected with the tragedy. It is said that this affair bore heavily on Anderson's mind, although there is no proof that he had any thing to do with it. At any rate his increase of wealth was not accompanied by an increase in mental peace, and he subsequently left this city for the vicinity of Boston. He had a fortune estimated at two or three millions, and he now reappears suddenly as the patron of science, which he has endowed with the island referred to.

In addition to the Mary Rogers affair there have been several other mysterious tragedies here which have given the criminal record of this city an unusual fascination. Among these was the Lutener mystery which may be briefly stated thus: Dr. Lutener was a physician and a man of many intrigues. His office was in Broadway. A woman was observed to enter this office and shortly afterward to depart, but neither her name nor appearance was noted. In a short time some one entered and was appalled by the spectacle of Dr. Lutener lying dead on the floor. He had been shot by this mysterious assassin, whose name was never discovered.

Another mystery, and one which excited the public mind to a much greater degree than the last mentioned, was the Burdell affair. Dr. Burdell was a popular dentist but was a very dissolute man. He had formed an illicit connection with a widow, named Cunningham, who was determined to get hold of his estate. She was a woman of unusual cunning and one of her artifices was to obtain a marriage certificate. For this purpose she went with a male accomplice, who assumed Burdell's name, to the house of a clergyman, one evening, where the pair was united and a wedding certificate given in which Burdell was inscribed as the bridegroom. The minister was informed that *they* would attend to advertising the marriage, and having received a nice fee, he bade the parties good night. Shortly after this Burdell was killed in his own house under circumstances of great horror. He had evidently returned about midnight to his room, where the gas had been burning all the evening, and had, as he entered, been assaulted by some one who lay in wait for him. The assailant had plunged a knife into his throat, and the blood had jetted against the wall at a distance of several feet from the place where he fell. The first wound was fatal, but twenty stabs were inflicted to make sure the work of death. Burdell was found lying in his blood the next morning by the office boy, who told Mrs. Cunningham, whereupon she went into a well-affected swoon. It is generally conceded that this womon did the bloody deed, but still there is no proof of it, and hence the mystery remains. However her rights as a widow were denied, and the court set aside the false certificate of marriage, so that she derived no benefit from the crime. This happened sixteen years ago, but so far from being forgotten it has likewise obtained its enduring place among the mysteries of crime.

The Nathan murder is a perplexing affair which has for three years defied all attempts at investigation, notwithstanding the reward of $45,000. But this case is deficient in a very important point of interest, since there is no trace of woman in it. Mysteries re-appear in a great city with a periodicity which may almost be calculated. It was felt that the time had come for another demonstration of this character, and the calculation was verified in the De Graw street tragedy, in Brooklyn. This has happened at the period when a mystery was fairly due.

On Friday morning, just at the time when Foster was expiating his crime at the gallows, Goodrich was shot by a woman in the basement of one of his own houses. I give the time agreeably to the best calculation, and that it was a woman's work is apparent from the surroundings. Like Mrs. Cunningham, she must have possessed unusual nerve. She fired three bullets into his head, with such determination of death that one was planted under each ear, while another entered the forehead. Just as the unusual number of stabs in the Burdell case suggested the hand of a woman, so the excessive shooting in the Goodrich case bears the same testimony. Goodrich, like Burdell, was the victim of his own vices. He carried on an intrigue until it became burdensome, and then tried to shuffle off the woman whose affections he had won. As a matter of course he roused all the passions of the victim of his lust, and as Shakespeare says (in Antony and Cleopatra) "henceforth the white hand of a lady fever thee." The conclusion which such a woman would reach would be that if she, who had the best right to call him husband, was cast off, no other woman should do so. The result is a corpse with three bullets in his brain left thus in death, while *his face is washed*—the last token of returning affection and useless regret before she took eternal farewell of her victim.

A murder trial has just been concluded in Brooklyn, in which John Van Syckle has been tried for causing the death of his wife by poisoning her. The medical testimony brought out at the trial went to show that the woman had died from the effects of poison administered to her by somebody, but the question as to who had been guilty of the crime seems to have given rise to conflicting notions. The cook employed in the house stated that on the day previous to the death of her mistress she saw the defendant with some powder and a spoon in his hand, and that during his wife's absence he put something into her tea that gave it a bitter taste, of which she complained. Immediately after drinking it she was taken with violent spasms and foaming at the mouth, and died from the effects thereof on the following day. It was further stated that the prisoner maltreated his wife, and that he had on several occasions threatened to take her life. Other witnesses corroborated this testimony, and additional facts were elicited tending to show that the parties lived unhappily together. The defence was a general denial, both as to the alleged poisoning and ill-treatment, the husband himself stating that he loved his wife and that he had never threatened to take her life. The case was given to the jury on Wednesday morning, and a verdict of not guilty was returned after a brief deliberation. The question as to who poisoned the woman, therefore, is a greater mystery than ever.

The deep mystery in which the suspected murder of Frederick G. Merrill, of Goffstown, N. H., is involved, is not yet unravelled. As already stated, his body was found floating in the Merrimack river on Tuesday, the whereabouts of the man not having been known to his friends since last November. The body was found to be horribly mutilated, and in such a manner as to leave no doubt that he had been the victim of violence. The throat was cut to the bone and there were several large wounds upon the scalp. The skull was badly fractured, and a lock of hair was found driven through the wound to the brain. It is believed that the body of the murdered man was thrown into the Piscataquog river near his residence, and that the thick ice which formed soon afterword frustrated all the attempts to find it. A large number of the former acquaintances and friends of the deceased were summoned to testify before the coroner's jury which was convened at Manchester yesterday, but no further light was thrown upon the tragedy. The murderer, whoever he was, evidentally took great pains to prevent the body being identified, it having been stripped of clothing and the hair and whiskers closely shaven. Previous to his disappearance last fall, it is said that Merrill expressed fears of being murdered when in a state of intoxication. No arrests have yet been made, though suspicion is directed toward several parties, who are detained as witnesses

THERE'LL BE NO MORE KITCHEN THERE. "My idea of heaven," said a worn out lady to us the other day, "is a place where there is no housekeeping or boarding-houses."

It may not be a theological, but it is a sensible view of the weary. This business of providing for our daily wants wears out the souls and bodies of our wives and children, and bids fair to become the skeleton in every man's household. Nor is it easy to provide a remedy; money will not buy help. Pay what you will, in some way or other you are the servant of your servants, and find that your home comfort depends on your kitchen. This question of how to live, is rapidly becoming the great social problem of our times, not only in the United States but in Europe. The idea of general equality spreads like a pestilence, until the whole organization of society topples from top to bottom. What the upshot will be it is impossible to foresee, but one thing is certain, the solution is approaching pretty rapidly, and while waiting for its appearance we may as well exclaim with the litany, "Good Lord deliver us." [New Orleans Picayune.

THE CROWS. Where noxious animals abound the most obvious remedy is a reward offered for their destruction. This has been a custom in almost all countries from very remote time. But in some cases it has led to a novel and not very honorable branch of rural industry. A minor example of this was afforded many years ago in an inland township of New York. The crows had become so numerous as to prove materially detrimental to the corn crop, and in town meetings, duly assembled, a reward of six cents for every crow's beak brought to the several pathmasters was offered. Many were the members of this tribe corvinus slaughtered, and when the nests could be reached, the eggs were sometimes, so it was said, taken home and "set" under hens in order that when hatched the young birds might add to their quota of beaks to be paid for by the town.

Artemus Ward once lent money. He thus recounts the transaction: "A gentleman friend of mine came to me with tears in his eyes. I said, 'Why these weeps?' He said he had a mortgage on his farm, and wanted to borrow $200. I lent him the money and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I ventured to remind him of the $200 he borrowed. He was much cut up; I thought I would not be hard upon him—so I told him I would throw off $100. He brightened—shook my hand—and said: 'Old friend, I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality—I'll throw off the other hundred!'"

A Massachusetts woman has been married three times. Her first husband was named Robb, her second Robbins, her third Robbinson. The same door-plate has answered for all three, with extensions, and the lady is said to be searching out a fourth in the same orthographic line. If each of the dear departed has endowed the door-plate with a few thousands, an extension of Robbinson will doubtless be found.

A St. Louis lady is opposed to female clerks because it destroys the romance of shopping.

Black-and-tan infants have their ears clipped in Georgia.

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GREAT FIRE IN BOSTON.

$500.000 Worth of Clothing Destroyed.

We the undersigned having made large contracts with Boston Parties for manufacturing Clothing, are now ready to supply our old hands with work. An unlimited number of good vest makers will be wanted after the first of January. They can be supplied with work from our store at Belfast or Monroe. FIFTY GOOD VEST MAKERS will be wanted to work in our Shop, beginning on or about the first of January.

We have a fine assortment of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes which we offer at low prices.

Belfast, Dec. 13—tf24 POTE & QUIMBY.

NEW **GRIST MILL!**

WE wish to inform the public that we have put in one of HARRISON'S CELEBRATED CORN MILLS for Grinding and Cracking Corn, Grinding Rye, Oats &c.

This Mill is on Washington St., just above J. S. Davis' Blacksmith Shop.

We respectfully solicit a portion of the Milling business.

Having purchased the wood-working machinery belonging to Messrs. Field & Mathews, we are prepared to do all kinds of Irregular Moulding, Scroll and Straight Sawing, Turning, &c., heretofore done by them. tf34

CALL AND SEE US!

HOWARD MANF. CO.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine. } In Bankruptcy.

In the matter of JAMES AND WILLIAM TREAT, Bankrupts.

NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to an order of said Court, a second general meeting of the Creditors of James and William Treat, Bankrupts, will be held at the Custom House in Belfast, in said District, on the nineteenth day of June, A.D. 1873, at ten o'clock, A. M. before Mr. Register Hamlin, for the purposes named in section twenty-seventh of the Act of Congress, approved March 2, 1867.

WM. G. CROSBY, WM. McGILVERY, } Trustees of James and William Treat, Bankrupts. Dated March 27, 1873. 4w40

Advertising is a Salve which draws customers. Advertising is like the celebrated magnetic stone; it draws everybody and his wife right up to the point. You might as well try to make a dead man swim up stream as to keep people from buying of a liberal advertiser. This is the experience of every man who has tried it. The best medium for this vicinity is the REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

GEO. W. BURKETT & CO.

Guarantee to sell goods for three weeks only at the prices quoted in this column. The articles mentioned were bought in Job Lots, hence when they are sold we will not be responsible for prices on the same goods at a later date.

40 PIECES ARLINGTON DRESS GOODS

Splendid SPRING SHADES selling at 33c, former price 45c.

BROWN COTTONS

Over a YARD WIDE, selling by the piece at 11 1-2c.

40 DOZEN HOSIERY!

PLAIN and RIBBED, selling at 12 1-2c, former price 17c.

40 DOZEN HOSIERY!

PLAIN, selling at 17c, former price 25c.

50 DOZEN ASSORTED HOSIERY

From 25c to 75c per pair. These goods are remarkably cheap, and we intend to make Hosiery a specialty for the next 3 weeks. Please examine our prices as we shall have sample pairs on exhibition with prices attached.

LINEN TOWELS!

40	Doz	Linen	Towels at	12 1-2c
20	"	"	"	25c
20	"	"	"	33c
20	"	"	"	30c
20	"	"	"	37c

Double Linen Damask Towels

Selling at 50c, former price 75c.

10 doz. Double Linen Towels

Very Large Size at 67c, former price $1.00.

Now is the time to secure Linen Goods, in Towels, Napkins, and Table Damasks as you can make excellent selections from a very large assortment.

We have opened a department of Jewelry in Jet Goods, Plated and French Gilt consisting of Ear-Rings, Pins, Opera Chains, Bracelets, etc.

We have on hand an unusually large stock of Dry Goods and call the attention of the trade to the rare bargains we are offering at this season.

HAMBURGS

Selling at the former LOW PRICES!

G. W. BURKETT & CO.,

Hayford Block, - Church St.,

BELFAST.

HOUSE CLEANING.

As the house cleaning season is at hand, the subscriber gives notice that he has reduced the price of soap to $2.50 per barrel. Warranted to be first quality. Orders addressed through the Post-office will receive immediate attention. J. L. WOOD.

South Belfast, April 2, 1873.—8w39*

WANTED. Men and Ladies to make and sell an article that will pay them from TEN to TWENTY DOLLARS weekly. Send 25 cts., and stamp for circular, &c. Address G. ALEXANDER, Box 501, Hyde Park, Mass. 6w38*

G. E. JOHNSON, **Attorney at Law!** No. 10 Main St., (Second Door to right.) Belfast, tf4

ELMER SMALL, M. D., **Physician & Surgeon** Belfast, - - - Maine.

OFFICE: Over CALDWELLS' Book Store, Main St. RESIDENCE: Corner of Miller & Congress Sts. tf4

ADVERTISER **JOB PRINTING OFFICE** No. 10 Main St., (Up Stairs,) Belfast, Me. G. W. BURGESS, Proprietor. Orders promptly attended to. y37

A. D. FRENCH, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN PARLOR, COOK & CAMBOOSE STOVES! Furnaces, Ranges, Tin, Brittannia, Japanned and Enameled Ware, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe and Sheet Zinc. Plumbing, Gas Fitting and Fixtures, Pumps, &c., &c. Job Work, Repairing, &c., &c. No. 20 Church St., 6m35 Belfast, Me.

FEATHERS! the VERY BEST, sold by **J. C. THOMPSON** Dealer In Furniture, Crockery Ware & Room Papers. COR. MAIN & HIGH STS., BELFAST.

USE WARD'S INK FOR SALE IN BELFAST BY 1y1 M. P. WOODCOCK. SAMUEL WARD & CO., Prop'r's, Boston

For Sale! The residence of J. B. WADLIN, on Cedar Street. Enquire at 68 Main Street. tf36

Vessels for Sale. Several Schooners, Centre-Board and Keel Vessels. Apply to H. P. UPTON, No. 1 Commercial Wharf, BOSTON, MASS. 3m28

Farm for Sale. The subscriber offers for sale his farm, situated in Prospect, one mile and a half west from the village. Consisting of one hundred and sixty acres of land, with buildings, well wooded and watered, with good orchard of grafted fruit. For particulars inquire on the premises. ISAAC T. SMITH. Prospect, Feb. 4, 1873.—3m31

House for Sale. The best location in the city. Situated on corner of Church and High Sts., near North Church, opposite Phenix house, good well water, 2 cisterns all in good order. Further particulars enquire at store in basement, or, B. F. STEPHENSON. Belfast, Jan. 20.—3m29

Farm for Sale. The subscriber offers for sale the well known Cook farm, so called, in Jackson. Said farm contains 120 acres of excellent land, situated at Jackson Centre, and is divided into highly cultivated fields, pasturing and thick wood lands. It is 4 miles from Brooks station, and 100 rods from P. O., and the same from a good meeting every Sunday, and the same from Town House. It it abundantly supplied with water from 2 wells and numerous springs; the house is a story and half with ell, finished throughout, together with a carriage house, cattle shed, barn 42 by 53 feet, wood house, Blacksmith shop, dung cellar, sheep house, a large orchard mostly gratted fruit. Apply to the subscriber on the place. EDWARD W. ROBERTS. Jackson, Dec. 3d, 1872.—tf23

For Sale! 6000 APPLE TREES. 6 YEARS OLD, of gratted fruit. Farmers why will you buy Western fruit trees, of which you know nothing, when you can for half the price purchase trees raised in your own State, which necessarily must be adapted to the soil and climate, and naturally must, if properly transplanted, thrive and bring forth fruit.

PRICE, - - 25 CENTS EACH.

For further information apply to the undersigned, at Winterport Village. C. R. MERRILL. Feb. 20th 1873.—3mos34

S.T-1860-X Plantation Bitters

IS PURELY A VEGETABLE PREPARATION, composed simply of well-known ROOTS, HERBS, and FRUITS, combined with other properties, which in their nature are Cathartic, Aperient, Nutritious, Diuretic, Alterative and Anti-Bilious. The whole is preserved in a sufficient quantity of spirit from the SUGAR CANE to keep them in any climate, which makes the

PLANTATION BITTERS one of the most desirable Tonics and Cathartics in the world. They are intended strictly as a **Domestic Tonic,** only to be used as a medicine, and always according to directions.

They are the sheet-anchor of the feeble and debilitated. They act upon a diseased liver, and stimulate to such a degree, that a healthy action is at once brought about. As a remedy to which Women are especially subject, it is surpassing every other stimulant. As a Spring and Summer Tonic, they have no equal. They are a mild and gentle Purgative as well as Tonic. They Purify the Blood. They are a splendid Appetizer. They make the weak strong. They purify and invigorate. They cure Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Headache. They act as a specific in all species of disorders which undermine the bodily strength and break down the animal spirits.

Depot, 53 Park Place, New York.

NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED FROM NEW YORK BY **B. F. WELLS,** 17 Main St.

HAMBURG EDGES of every price and pattern from 8 cents to $1.25. They are cheaper than can be bought elsewhere in New England. Also an endless variety of

Linen, Saxony, and Cotton Edges, from 2 cts. to $1.75 per yard.

New Fringes, Linen Collars, and Cuffs, Veil Goods, Corsets, Hoop Skirts, Chignons and Braids, Knitting Cotton, &c., &c., &c.

CLARK'S MACHINE COTTON 5 cents. Also 50 dozen LINEN BOSOMS from 17 cents up. A great Bustle about our Paniers, 10 different styles in stock from 25 to 75 cents.

All the above goods are marked in plain figures, and I defy competition on any article I keep. My customers and friends are cordily invited to step in and see quality and prices of the same.

Yours Truly, B. F. WELLS.

LYON'S KATHAIRON *Only 50 Cents per Bottle.*

It promotes the GROWTH, PRESERVES the COLOR, and increases the Vigor and BEAUTY of the HAIR.

OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR was first placed in the market by Professor E. Thomas Lyon, a graduate of Princeton College. The name is derived from the Greek "KATHRO," signifying to *cleanse, purify, rejuvenate, or restore.* The favor it has received, and the popularity it has obtained, is unprecedented and incredible. It increases the GROWTH and BEAUTY of the HAIR. It is a delightful dressing. It eradicates dandruff. It prevents the Hair from turning gray. It keeps the head cool, and gives the hair a rich, soft, glossy appearance. It is the SAME IN QUANTITY and QUALITY as it was over a QUARTER of a CENTURY AGO, and is sold by all Druggists and Country Stores at only 50 Cents per Bottle.

Woman's Glory is Her Hair. LYON'S **KATHAIRON**

BISHOP SOULE'S LINIMENT Is a positive cure for Sciatica, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spinal Complaint, Contracted Cords, Lame Back, Sprains, &c. It has cured cases given up by physicians as hopeless AND IS THE ONLY CERTAIN CURE FOR SCIATICA. Try it, it will cure you. Always procure large bottles for severe cases. Large bottles $1.50, small bottles 75 cts. Sold by all druggists. F. W. RYDER & SON, Proprietors, Boston, Mass. Send stamp for "HOUSEHOLD CASH BOOK." 1yr30eow

DR. FLINT'S QUAKER BITTERS A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY & REMEDY.

Extract of Roots and Herbs which most invariably cure the following complaints:—

Dyspepsia. Heart Burn, Liver Complaint, and Loss of Appetite cured by taking a few bottles.

Lassitude. Low Spirits, and Sinking Sensation cured at once.

Eruptions. Pimples, Blotches and all impurities of the blood, bursting through the skin or otherwise, cured readily by following the directions on the bottle.

For Kidney, Bladder and Urinary derangements it has no equal; one bottle will convince the most sceptical.

Worms, expelled from the system without the least difficulty, a few bottles are sufficient for the most obstinate case.

Piles; one bottle has cured the most difficult case when all other remedies failed.

Nervous Difficulties. Neuralgia, Headache, &c., eased immediately.

Rheumatism, Swelled Joints, and all Scrofular Affections removed or greatly relieved by this invaluable medicine.

Bronchitis, Catarrh, Convulsions, and Hysterics cured or much relieved.

Difficult Breathing; Pain in the Lungs, Side and Chest almost invariably cured by taking a few bottles of the Quaker Bitters.

Female Difficulties, so prevalent among American ladies, yield readily to this invaluable medicine, the Quaker Bitters.

Bilious, Remittant and Intermittant Fevers, so prevalent in many parts of our country completely eradicated by the use of the Quaker Bitters.

The Aged find in the Quaker Bitters just the article they stand in need of in their declining years. It quickens the blood and cheers the mind, and paves the passage down the plane inclined.

No One can remain long unwell (unless afflicted with an incurable disease,) after taking a few bottles of the Quaker Bitters.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

SOLD AT WHOLESALE BY W. F. PHILLIPS & CO., Portland.

PREPARED BY DR. H. S. FLINT & CO., At their Great Medical Depot 195 & 197 Broad Street, Providence, R. I. 6m37

Manhood: How Lost How Restored! Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity,